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The American Girl

JANUARY

1942



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Pennies from Heaven

That's what your friendship pennies (contributed to the Juliette Low Fund) were to Chinese and Finnish Girl Scouts, to the Girl Guides of Poland and Great Britain—bringing a message of friendship and sisterhood from across the seas, from girls in a land then at peace to girls in lands at war

This fund, established in memory of Juliette Low, the gallant and witty founder of Girl Scouting in the United States, has always been used to promote international friendship. In the days before this second world war, the fund sent Girl Scouts and Guides from many nations to Our Chalet at Adelboden, Switzerland each summer for a Juliette Low Memorial Encampment. There they discussed common problems in understanding and friendship. Since the war began in China, and then spread to Europe, Juliette Low Fund pennies have gone forth in ever-increasing quantities to bring aid and comfort to girls in war-torn lands, and to finance the

Juliette Low Memorial Encampments of the Western Hemisphere. In February, 1941, a sum of \$710.00 was sent to the Chinese Girl Scouts; in June \$500.00 was sent to the Girl Scouts of Finland; from October, 1940, until July, 1941, a total of \$7,506.23 was sent to the Girl Guides of Great Britain, with \$200.00 additional for the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts. During the past year, \$200.00 has been sent to aid the school for Polish refugees in Scotland established by the Founder of the Polish Girl Guides, and for the work of Polish Girl Scout leaders among Polish children in Vichy, France. Juliette Low Awards,



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**JULIETTE
LOW
FUND**

*Girl Scouts, Inc.
155 East 44 St.
New York City*

totalling annually approximately \$4,000 brought delegates from many countries and colonies in this hemisphere to the two Juliette Low Memorial Encampments for the Western Hemisphere held in the United States. And so the parade of the pennies marches forward on its mission of good will.

The need for "friendship pennies" and the work they do is greater than ever to-day, now that our country, too, is at war. The National President of the American Red Cross has asked us to bend our efforts toward more aid to China and Great Britain through Juliette Low Fund gifts and at any moment we may be faced with needs that are closer home. So here is your chance to fall into step in the penny parade of friendship.



Chinese Girl and Boy Scouts, chief exponents of the new educational movement in China, recipients of Juliette Low Fund gifts. This year, they themselves raised \$316,478.79 (Chinese Money) for winter garments for China's brave soldiers

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

CONTENTS for JANUARY, 1942

Cover Design	S. Wendell Campbell
Remembrance of Things Past—From a painting by Lauren Ford	4

STORIES

Control—Norma Bicknell Mansfield. Illustrated by Harvé Stein	8
Lofty, Sound Defects Man—Edith Ballinger Price. Illustrated by Leslie Turner	14
Giveaway—Mary Avery Glen. Illustrated by Robb Beebe	19
Sky Rabbits Unlimited, V—Eleanor Hull. Illustrated by Corinne Malvern	23

ARTICLES

We Photographed a Royal Wedding—Eloise Lownsbey. Illustrated with photographs	5
The Legend of Prester John—Catherine Cate Coblentz. Illustrated with old prints	11
Does Your Hair-Do Suit Your Face?—Helen Grigsby Doss. Illustrated by Ruth King	16

GIRL SCOUT FEATURES

Pennies from Heaven	2
At Her Country's Service—Anne New. Illustrated with photographs by Paul Parker	22
The Tulsa, Oklahoma, Girl Scouts at Work and Play	26
Around the Year with the Tulsa Girl Scouts	28
Winners in the Girl Scout Photo Contest	30

DEPARTMENTS

"Name-Your-Own" Comics, I—Orson Lowell	33	American Girl Patterns	42
In Step with the Times—Latrobe Carroll	34	A Penny for Your Thoughts	44
What's On the Screen?	37	Laugh and Grow Scout	47
Good Times with Books—Marjorie Cinta	40	American Painters Series, XLV—Lauren Ford—M.C.	50

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For biographical note, see page 50

Courtesy of the Ferargil Gallery

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES, XLV
REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST *Painted by* LAUREN FORD

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

JANUARY • 1942

WE PHOTOGRAPHED A ROYAL WEDDING



RECENT front page headlines in our newspapers have told us how Mohammed Pahlavi, the young heir apparent of Iran (or Persia, as we used to call that country) took over the kingdom through the forced abdication of his father, Reza Shah Pahlavi, becoming Shah in his father's stead. When you readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL read that account, I wonder if you dropped the paper, as I did, and fell to pondering the changes of certain nations through the centuries—how they come to birth, wax great, dominate the world, then decay, live in slavery, and virtually perish, only to come to birth again hundreds of years later? This new importance and coming-to-life of Iran, I thought, after the glories and defeats of its past, follows that ancient pattern. It has cast off the slave chains of a Turkish master; it has set a youth upon its throne; it sits lightly upon an underground sea of good black oil; it is the natural highroad for the Allies; and once more, as in the past, it is united to Egypt—this time through the whirlwind romance and marriage of its young Shah, then Crown Prince, to the Princess Fawzia, eldest sister of King Farouk of Egypt.

That was a modern *Arabian Nights* tale, that wedding in the spring of 1939, begun in Abdine palace at Cairo and ending after five weeks of fantastic entertainment in the royal palace at Teheran. As I looked at the pictured face of the young Shah in my newspaper, and remembered the accounts of the splendors of that



By

ELOISE
LOWNSBERY

*An eyewitness account of
the fabulous and romantic
wedding of Egypt's young
king, Farouk—first king to
be crowned in a free Egypt
for more than two thousand
years—to Farida Zulficar,
his commoner bride*



royal wedding, my thoughts turned inevitably to another royal wedding gorgeous in its pagantry, of which—in part—it was my good fortune to be an eyewitness. This was the marriage, in 1938, of young King Farouk of Egypt to the commoner, Farida Zulficar.

Six thousand miles seems a long way to travel to attend a wedding, but my photographer-husband had been commissioned to make a newsreel of the world's most famous bride and groom, and I went with him on the long journey to Cairo.

Breathlessly we labored up the gangplank of the *Excalibur* under the weight of cameras and film, which my husband couldn't quite relinquish to dock porters who disappeared with our bags into the maw of the ship. Once on board we stared at each other, a long stare of amused wonderment that we were really there, for as usual on such jaunts, we hadn't been certain until the eleventh-hour-and-a-half of actually getting off.

What would the bride of Egypt's king be like, I wondered? A small dumpling of a Moslein, probably, this Farida Zulficar, shrouded in a veil to her eyes like the pictures of Egyptian girls in my *Child's Bible*. I had not been able to find out much about her, what with the rush of packing and getting off, except that she was a commoner, the daughter of a judge at Alexandria.

Here at home, she would have been a junior in high school, perhaps, busy with class parties; playing tennis or swimming with any one of a dozen boys; thinking little of marriage ex-



LEFT: HIS MAJESTY, KING FAROUK I, FROM AN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH. THE KING WEARS THE BELTED AND SASHED UNIFORM OF A FIELD MARSHAL AND UPON HIS HEAD A SCARLET TARBOOSH

BELOW: KING FAROUK IN THE UNIFORM OF THE EGYPTIAN BOY SCOUTS. AS THE CHIEF SCOUT, HIS MAJESTY IS HEAD OF THE MOVEMENT IN EGYPT

BELOW, RIGHT: SYMBOL OF AN ANCIENT LAND—THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF RAMESES II AT THE LUXOR TEMPLE



cept in the secret dreams of her heart, as she tried to peer ahead into a misty, roseate future. Of Farida's romance, I could only surmise that it must be a marriage of love and not one of statecraft.

I had read more of the boy king, Farouk, called home from an English school by the death of his father, King Fuad. England is accustomed to educating royalty. What lessons of kingship had she taught this boy, how had she prepared him to grapple with the problems of a modern world, ripening even then for a war of unlimited conquest? Would he allow his bride to be emancipated, free of the binding laws that had relegated Moslem women to the harem and gave them no part in a man's world?

To understand Egypt, I plunged now into its ancient history. For us Americans,

three hundred years seems a long period—especially when cramming for an examination in American history. Now, during a month's voyage, I must try to cram four thousand years of known history, resting upon the back of more thousands of years of unknown history, if I were to gain a background for the wedding of a king of eighteen to a bride just turned sixteen.

They must be very gay, very busy, those young things in far-away Cairo. For us, meanwhile, there was Christmas on the high seas and New Year's Day at Marseilles; and the President's message to Congress booming out as we sat at dinner in the harbor of Naples; then the incredibly blue Mediterranean to cross, past the lovely snow peaks of Crete—now in the hands of the Germans; and so at last into the harbor of Alexandria, where to-day Britain's Mediterranean fleet is based.

Eagerly, as we taxied to our train for Cairo, we bought local newspapers, both English and Arabic. They were full of pictures of the bride and groom. Alexandria had been Farida's home, and the summer home of Farouk. We saw the royal palace, Montaza, standing boldly on its promontory looking out into the "Great Green," as they called the sea in ancient times. Close by, at anchor, rode the royal yacht,

shining in white and gold readiness for the bridal couple. They would pass the lighthouse, standing on the site of the ancient *phare* that was one of the seven wonders of the world.

Here we were, driving through the city founded by the conquering Alexander the Great; here where Plato came to study philosophy; where Hypatia taught in her father's school and was murdered by a Christian mob; where Cleopatra loved and ruled and died. And here Farida Zulficar had lived her short life, attended school in a French convent, and played tennis and swam in the sea with Prince Farouk and his four sisters.

Since the girl's grandfather had been twice Premier of Egypt, and her mother lady-in-waiting to Queen Nazli, it was only natural that Farida—or Saki Naz as her family called her—should grow up with the royal children, at least during the summer months when they came to Alexandria to escape the heat of Cairo.

"So it was right here in Alexandria that the royal romance began," I mused as our train started. "The young queen-to-be is a modern girl, then, with a European education. It must be only the peasants who still wear the veil." I stared from the car windows at the black-gowned figures in the fields, toiling among their camels and donkeys, looking exactly like those pictures in my *Child's Bible*. And all the more eagerly I looked forward to seeing the bride-queen.

I had not long to wait, at least for a portrait of her. Cairo was full of them, large and small, in every shop window. The official photograph showed her as a smiling, unassuming, simple schoolgirl, as dark of hair and eyes as the king was fair. No wonder all Egypt adored her! And soon I should actually see her, for the wedding date was near.

The romance of Farouk and Farida had progressed, I learned, when the prince sailed away to England to complete his education. It was during that year that Farouk's childhood friend, Saki Naz—Persian for "Pure Rose"—traveled abroad with Queen Nazli and the four princesses, Fawzia, Faiza, Faika, and Fathiya. Prince Farouk joined them in Switzerland for a holiday of snow sports. In turn the family party visited the prince at his school in Surrey. Pure Rose was then fourteen, Farouk sixteen.

He may have thought, looking at her slender, vivacious beauty, "One day, when I am through school, I shall marry her." And perhaps she thought, "When Farouk marries, must it be (Continued on page 48)

Photograph by Ewing Galloway



ABOVE: AN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF QUEEN FARIDA IN ALL OF HER SERENE YOUNG LOVELINESS. SHE WEARS HER ENGAGEMENT RING, SET WITH AN ENORMOUS DIAMOND, WHICH WAS ONCE GIVEN TO QUEEN NAZLI BY KING FUAD



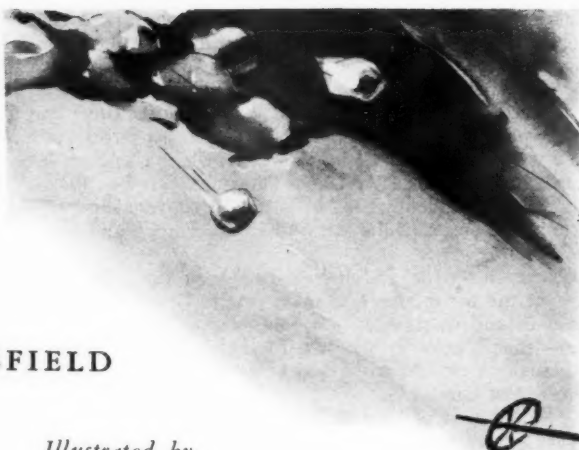
CENTER: FOR THE YOUNG KING'S WEDDING PEASANTS CAME UP FROM THE SOUTH AND NORTH, WILD TRIBESMEN ON THEIR ARAB STEEDS, AND MEN FROM THE OASES SUCH AS THE TWO ABOVE

LEFT: WHOLE FAMILIES RIDING IN DONKEY-DRAWN CARTS, OR ON CAMEL BACK, CAME TO CAIRO FOR THE FESTIVITIES

Karen did not believe in sacrificing a good time to perfecting skill in sports, until danger taught her the importance of—

CONTROL

By NORMA BICKNELL MANSFIELD



Illustrated by
HARVÉ STEIN

HE SWEPT down the slope with his skis together and his arms outspread, his face intent but self-assured, and made the swooping twist known as the "Laepar Swing." It was Franz Laepar himself, demonstrating for the crowd—and Karen wished to goodness he had waited a week to come.

"You see," her grandfather said, standing beside her, his voice shaken with excitement, "you see how swift he is, how sure. And you, too, my little Karen, you will be swift and sure. You, too, were meant to be supreme on skis. You have the timing, the grace, the courage. Laepar himself has said so."

Karen saw her friend, Nancy, piquant face absorbed, watching Laepar, too. Of course, why shouldn't she? Nancy was up here to enjoy herself. "And so am I," Karen told herself crossly, "only Gran won't let me!" She tugged at his sleeve. "All right. We've seen him. May I go now?"

Her grandfather was tall and old and stooped, and his words still carried a faint flavor of the French he had spoken in Switzerland as a boy. Karen loved him. Wherever they went—and since her parents were dead, and her grandmother gone, too, these many years, they went everywhere together—she was proud of him. But she could get cross with him, too, because he was a perfectionist, and he wanted her to be one. Swimming—she had had to keep on until she was junior champion material. Tennis—she had lessons twice a week when she was home. Now it was skiing.

"But you have something very special," her grandfather would respond, in answer to her protests. "You have timing. You have coordination. You must not deny your gifts, my little bird. The time will come—"

The time would come, he meant, when she would be glad she had put in all this extra hard work—for it *was* hard work—while her friends were enjoying themselves.

Karen herself had chosen this place for the holiday. It was a wide, high-hung valley only recently converted into a winter resort. A great many people came here—and among them were Nancy and Gilbert Stone and Vix, friends with whom she had planned to have a gay time, playing.

"May I go?" she repeated.

"Go where?" Gran looked down at her, bewildered. "We are to see Laepar after lunch, and make the appointments for your lessons with him. You are the only girl he is taking, Karen. It is a great honor, and you will learn much."

Karen pulled her hand from her grandfather's arm. Two days! Nancy, Gil, and Vix were up here for only two days more, too—the same two days as Laepar.

"Gran," she said, "I don't want lessons from Laepar. I don't care if I'm the only girl he has ever offered to teach. I want some fun."

"Fun?" Gran echoed. "And what do you do with your

time when you aren't skiing? You have fun then, don't you? Evenings you play games with your friends, don't you? You sing and make music. That is fun, isn't it?"

Yes, that was fun.

"But I want to be with them daytimes, too," Karen cried. She was trying to point out that none of the other young people had to slave away time as she did. She wanted Gran to know she was envious, and why shouldn't she be? This was vacation time, wasn't it?

"I'm sick of skiing," she said shortly.

"What? Why, this is only your second year!" Gran had thick, white eyebrows and faded blue eyes, and he wore a fur-lined overcoat and a beaver cap. He looked very handsome, Karen thought. And very shocked.

"I'm pretty good now," Karen went on, not really bragging. Because she *was* good.

"Ah," Gran said sharply, "you think you are good? You cannot be good enough until you know as much as you can learn. To be good one must have patience and skill, understanding and control. And one must work hard, and be glad to work hard. And one must take opportunities. Laepar, now, to give you lessons—" He looked at her sharply. "What, tears? You are crying, Karen!" He put an arm around her woolen shoulders. "Have I been so cruel? Ah, well, I am getting old! I see things differently than you. Run along. What are lessons from Franz Laepar compared to your happiness?"

Karen felt a little guilty, skiing off down the edge of the bowl, but Gil waved both arms in greeting, Nancy cried, "What, the ski queen joining us!" and Vix said, "How long can you stay?" So Karen began to enjoy herself—even more than she'd thought she would. There was room for them to ski parallel, and later they tried ski tandems, and then they tried locking skis. It wasn't orthodox skiing, but it was fun—and you didn't have to be very good to do it. Karen was the only one who didn't fall.

"Look," Vix said, "let's fill up the day, shall we? Let's try a toboggan. I signed up for one. We'll ask Hal and Tim and Ed, too, and then we'll all sit together at lunch. What shall we do this afternoon?"

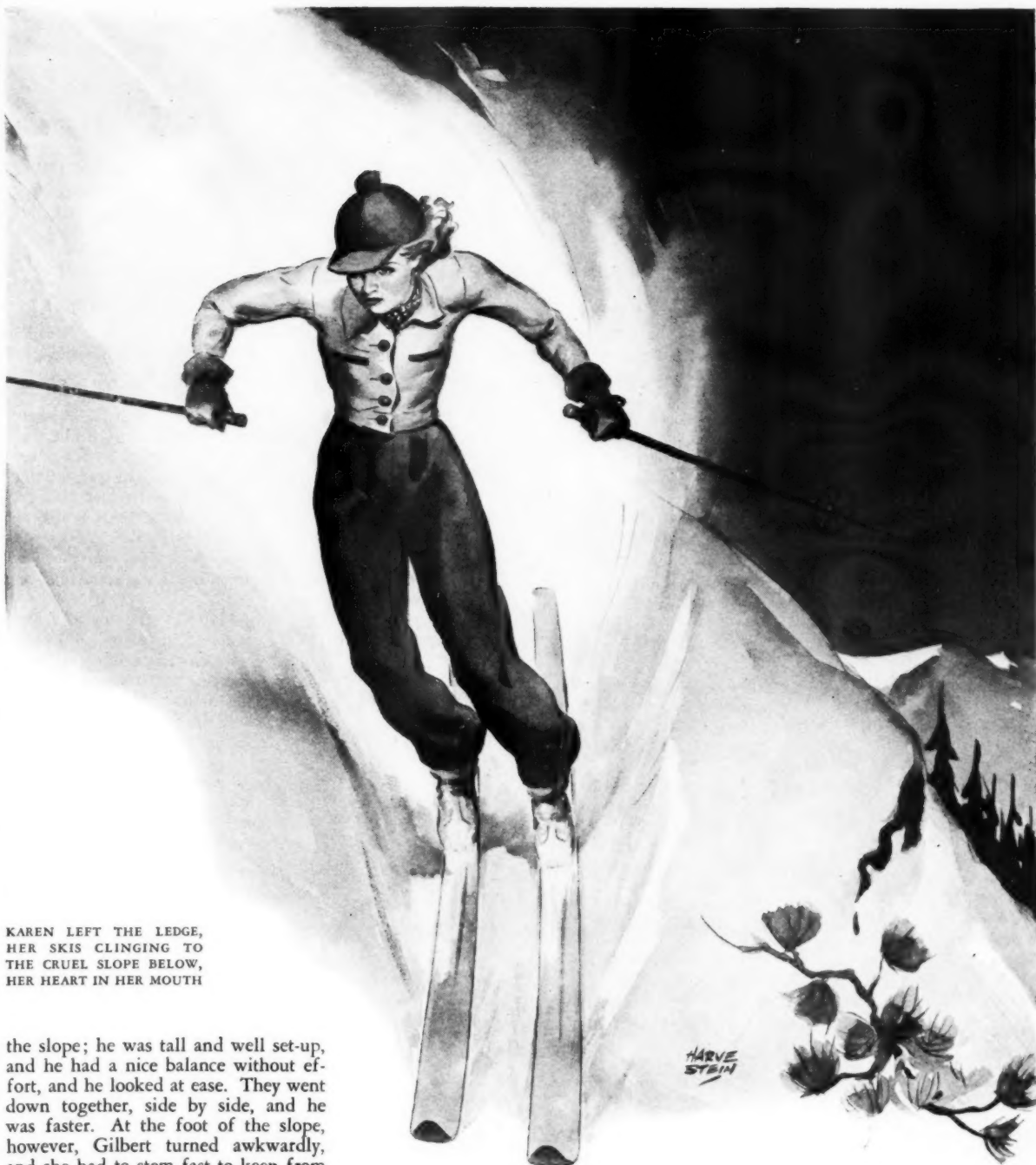
"What about the ski chase?" Gil demanded.

"That's right, we'd planned a ski chase."

"Come on," Nancy shouted. "Don't let's stand here all day. Let's do something." She looked tinier than ever in her bright ski suit, and her eyes swept over them all restlessly.

"Stick with me," Gilbert said to Karen.

Karen was astonished when she saw how well he did on



KAREN LEFT THE LEDGE,
HER SKIS CLINGING TO
THE CRUEL SLOPE BELOW,
HER HEART IN HER MOUTH

the slope; he was tall and well set-up, and he had a nice balance without effort, and he looked at ease. They went down together, side by side, and he was faster. At the foot of the slope, however, Gilbert turned awkwardly, and she had to stem fast to keep from falling over him where he lay in a laughing heap.

"What happened?" she demanded, starting up the slope again, making a herringbone with her skis.

"Stopping gracefully comes in lesson number six," Gilbert said. "I haven't got that far."

"You ought to take a full day off sometime and practice—" She broke off quickly. This was supposed to be fun, not work. Gilbert knew enough about skiing to have a good time.

"My trouble is," she thought grimly, "I'm too good for my needs, and if I don't watch out I'll be getting bossy."

She was careful after that to keep her tongue between her teeth. Anyway, the day's fun was in being part of the crowd,

not in skiing, nor in skating, nor in tobogganing. Tobogganing, as a matter of fact, wasn't much fun. One of the boys Karen hadn't met before, Tim, who was in front, didn't know, it turned out, how to run the thing. Of course they didn't go on the big slide, so the bump they took when he slammed into the side of a turn and they were all flung out didn't hurt anybody much. And the next time he did very well, losing only two of his riders.

"I guess you have to stick with these things most of your life to get really good," he said.

After that they went up and had lunch together. Gran sat

at a table by himself. He was reading his newspaper, and looking stiff and miffed. Karen went across and gave him a kiss behind his ear. "There must have been a time when you wanted to have fun, too, wasn't there?" she asked.

Gran ignored the question. "Probably you have already heard that there was an avalanche near Prison Rock, up on the mountain."

So a little later she was able to remark offhandedly to the bunch, "There was an avalanche up at Prison Rock."

"Well, that's all right," Hal said. "We weren't going that way, anyhow. Look, Vix, you and Ed and Tim stick together, will you? And Karen and Nancy and Gil and I. How's that? Whose turn is it to be the fox?"

"Mine," Vix said, jumping up and down. "It's mine. I haven't had a turn since I came."

"All right then, you three stick together and be the fox, and we'll trail you. But give us something to chase, see? Last time we went around the hotel three times, and that was all."

Karen said, "I'm going to put some more oil on my face. What about glasses? The sun is pretty strong."

"Too much trouble going back for them," Gil told her lazily, so Karen didn't bother, either. She tightened her ski straps.

They gave the fox a half hour start before they took up the trail of confetti, liberally sprinkled on the snow to guide their advance. Gil and Karen were ahead most of the time.

The glare was pretty bad up here, for they were on the mountain. Vix had started off easily enough, taking them over dips and swells below the bowl, but then she had gone up over the first push at the foot of the mountain.



THEY ALL HAD LUNCH TOGETHER AND DISCUSSED THE PLANS FOR A SKI CHASE THAT AFTERNOON

"Whew!" Gil said, stopping to mop his forehead. "She took you at your word, Hal. This isn't so easy."

"You aren't tired?" Karen asked, surprised.

"Well, I'm not rested. After all, I haven't been spending whole days on these things, the way you have—too many other things to do. Look at that trail. Still going up."

Karen didn't say anything, but she was glad she had mentioned Prison Rock. Off to the right, on the rocky face of the mountain, there were little rumbles constantly from falling rock, loosened from the snow by the hot sun's melting rays.

"Well," Hal said, "here we really go up." And sure enough, the trail did bite into the mountain itself.

"This is a pretty hot day, and pretty late in the day to go that way," Karen began uneasily. After all, it wasn't good sense, or even fun, to take foolish chances. An avalanche is no laughing matter.

"You're getting tired, too, but you won't admit it," Nancy said in her sharp voice. "Otherwise you wouldn't balk on those excuses."

"Why," Karen thought with amazement, "Nancy doesn't even seem to know there is danger." And then the thought occurred to her that maybe she, Karen, was being timid. All her life Gran had insisted she look at all sides of an adventure before attempting it, and more than once she had stayed home when others went—though she had been pretty mad about it when they had come home safely. Of course there had been the time the bobsled had turned over and one of the boys had been seriously hurt, and again the swimming party where Lola had nearly drowned. But actually all those other times she might as well have gone.

"There's such a thing as being overcautious," she told herself now, and kept on with the others up the white snow face, around a shoulder, over a narrow crevasse, and up again toward the overhang.

"Vix is making for that cabin under the overhang," Gilbert said with conviction. "Come on, gang, we'll have to push to catch them first."

"I can't push," Nancy said. "I'm tired."

Karen wasn't tired, but she was aware of the sun moving steadily down the sky, and she looked behind her at the way they had come and wondered how Nancy would get down the mountain again if she were already tired.

"But they've done this lots of times before," she told herself.

"Boy, listen to that one!" Hal said, and they stopped to listen to a rock *chunk* down the mountainside. "Sounds like that one was ahead of us. Prison Rock is on the other side."

"There's Vix," Gilbert cried suddenly. He cupped his mouth with his hands. "I see you! I see you! Come on, gang!"

There wasn't much chance to talk, after that. Karen moved quickly and easily into the lead, but she was
(Continued on page 38)



Illustrations from "Nova Typis Transacta Navigatio..." by Caspar Plautius, 1621, a curious pictorial volume of Americana portraying the New World as the artist imagined it. The author is supposed to have been an Austrian monk of the 17th Century who wrote under the name of Honorio Philoponus in order to dedicate the book to himself, speaking of himself in glowing terms. These photographs are by courtesy of the Library of Congress in Washington.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, "ADMIRAL OF THE NAVY OF THE INDIES," WITH A GLOBE OF THE WORLD AS IMAGINED BY CASPAR PLAUTIUS IN HIS FABULOUS AND RARE VOLUME

The Legend of

PRESTER JOHN

By
CATHERINE
CATE COBLENTZ

The first of a series of articles about the legends that urged men across the sea to the discovery of America—legends that shaped the history of a hemisphere



THERE were tales in the old days, long before America was discovered, of beautiful lands lying in the western sea, Avalon and Hy Brezil, the Blessed Isles, the

Fortunate Islands, the Island of the Seven Cities.

There were legends of men who had set forth on the unknown sea and had found some of these beautiful lands. There was the tale of Saint Brendan who sailed with his monks in coracles from Ireland; there were tales about Madoc, the Welsh Prince; there were stories, too, of the Northmen. For a long time the stories of the Northmen were also considered legends. Now we know these last were true.

Most amazing of all the legends which influenced America's discovery was the story of Prester John, a wonderful prince in Asia. This tale was spread in Europe at the time of the Crusades and was to have a great deal to do with stimulating exploration, though few people, even to this day, realize that this is so.

Here is the story of Prester John as it was told in Europe in the days of the Crusades:

"Prester John is the greatest monarch under heaven. He lives in the Eastern Land which some call Asia, some India, but most, Cathay. There he has ruled for centuries upon centuries.

"He is a Christian, and some think he is John the Evangel who went to Asia to teach the Gospel after Christ was crucified; or it may be that he is one of the three Wise Men who so many centuries ago came out of the East, following the

guidance of a star to the manger of the newborn Christ."

In the days of the Crusades, the Pope at Rome received a letter signed by Prester John—though whence it really came and from whom is not known. In that letter, the Prester told of his great kingdom and of his hope to help the Crusaders of Europe rescue the sepulcher of Christ from the heathen.

Word of the letter spread hither and yon, and the Crusading hosts believed that, when they reached Jerusalem from the West, the Prester with his hosts from the East would meet them there. Between these two forces it would be an easy thing to conquer the Holy Land. So the Crusaders pressed forward, with red crosses flaming on their robes, and with the rallying cry, "It is the will of God, the will of God!" Meanwhile they talked a great deal about this Eastern ally, who was both king and priest but so modest that he chose to be known only as Prester—a contraction of "presbyter."

But the Prester was not waiting for them at Jerusalem; neither did he come to aid them in taking the Holy Land. One after another, the disappointed Crusaders returned to their homes in Europe. Jerusalem remained in the hands of the heathen—all because, it was declared, Prester John had failed to do his share.

After a time the story became current that the Prester and his Eastern forces had actually started for Jerusalem, but had been halted by the terrible flooding of a river—where, after vainly waiting several years for the flood to lessen, the Prester and his forces marched back to his Eastern kingdom.

That kingdom beggared description. It reached, according to report, from farther India to the place where the sun rises, and back again to the ruins of Babylon. No one was poor



FATHER BUELL AND THE TWELVE MONKS WHO ARE ABOUT TO ACCOMPANY HIM ON THE SECOND VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS, TO CHRISTIANIZE THE NEW WORLD, RECEIVE THE BLESSING OF THE POPE AS COLUMBUS LOOKS ON

there, no one told lies, and thieving was unknown. In short, there was no evil of any kind in all the land. The river of Paradise flowed through it, and there was a magical fountain of youth in which the Prester bathed and so kept himself from growing old.

Out of the mountains poured streams of precious stones, shining and flashing in the sun, stones so large that men fashioned cups and platters from them. Dragons and green unicorns lived in that kingdom, together with red, green, black, and white lions; and there were griffins, too, riding on the backs of which the Prester and his people sometimes journeyed, and a marvelous bird called the phoenix.

In one part of the land were people who ate human flesh; and in another, women who were strong and ruled like men—and were, besides, great fighters.

The Prester's palace was of ivory, the gates thickly jeweled, and in the courtyard a mirror stood in which the Prester could see all that was going on in the different parts of his kingdom. In one of the towers of his palace were set two carbuncles which shone like lights all through the night. When you entered the palace you discovered that the pillars were of gold inset with jewels, and these gave light to the hall.

The steps leading to the Prester's throne were seven; the first of onyx; the second of crystal; the third of jasper; the fourth, amethyst; the fifth, sardonyx; and the sixth, cornelian; while the one on which the Prester's throne stood was fashioned of chrysolite. All seven steps were bordered with gold, inset with pearls.

The seat of the throne was of emeralds set in gold, with here and there a mingling of pearls and other precious stones; and the scepter of the Prester was of solid emeralds. When the Prester sat upon his throne, twelve archbishops were on his right hand and twenty bishops on his left. The ruler, however, dressed in a simple, white robe, but this was of most



COLUMBUS'S FLEET SETS FORTH ON THE SECOND VOYAGE IN 1493. NOTE FERDINAND AND ISABELLA STANDING ON THE SHORE TO WATCH THE DEPARTURE, AND THE SEA MONSTER ALREADY DEVOURING AN UNFORTUNATE SAILOR

unusual material, for it was made by the salamanders in their fiery kingdom, and even fire itself could not harm it.

Seven kings at a time waited on the Prester, and these were assisted by sixty dukes and three hundred and sixty-five counts. Even the cook was both abbot and king. All this was because the Prester, besides being the greatest monarch under heaven, was a very wise and good man.

When the Prester went forth to battle, he followed a simple wooden cross instead of a banner, because of his humility. But his troops were not so humble. They had golden crosses flaming with jewels carried before them when they marched to war, and ten thousand knights and one hundred thousand footmen followed after each cross.

The Prester, according to every report, was the most devout of all Christians; it was still his intense desire to go to the

Holy Land and, with a great host, aid in rescuing that land from the heathen.

SO WHEN Marco Polo, that famous traveler, returned from the East toward the end of the thirteenth century and tried to tell the people in Venice about Kublai, the Grand Khan of Cathay, at whose court he had been, the Venetians laughed and said that if he had *really* been in the far-off land of which he told, he would know all about Prester John.

Marco Polo said he had *heard* of such a king, who in times past did possess great power in the East, but he had been overcome in battle by an ancestor of Kublai, one named Genghis Khan. Genghis Khan had then married the Prester's daughter and made himself master of the kingdoms which had once yielded tribute to the Prester.

"Is the Grand Khan of Cathay a Christian?" questioned the Venetians.

"No," admitted Polo.

"Then your story cannot be true," cried his audience. "Only a Christian could possibly be the greatest king of the East. And Prester John *is* a Christian. Your story, therefore, is but a tissue of lies."

They laughed long and loudly, and soon all Europe was laughing at Marco Polo's story of the Grand Khan. Of course Prester John was the greatest king of the East. No one would be fool enough to doubt that.

"Marco of the millions," people called Polo, meaning that his tales were a million times too fantastic to be true. They never thought of the old story of Prester John as strange—they knew and loved it too well—but Marco told of black stones that were burned for fuel, of money made of paper, of fountains spouting oil, of an Eastern ocean. Lies all of them, lies, lies, lies.

Marco Polo had the record of his travels written down. And when that great traveler lay dying, and his friends

begged him, for the peace of his soul, to take back all the impossible tales he had recounted, sturdily, defiantly he gave his answer, "*I have not told the half of what I know.*"

Yet the story of the Grand Khan, which was thought to be only the boasting of Marco Polo, reawakened interest in the ancient tale of Prester John and the riches of his kingdom. That interest was to set men seeking for ways to the East, in order to gain the rich and wonderful things which the old story of the Prester indicated were so plentiful there.

The heathen Mohammedans would not let traders from Europe pass into the East by the land routes. Instead they kept all the trade with the Orient in their own hands and charged exorbitant prices. Because of this, it was necessary for Europeans to find a way to Asia by sea—and the search for the seaways to the East was to result in the discovery of the Americas.

A man named Christopher Columbus read the account which Marco Polo had caused to be written down. Columbus believed in Prester John, but he was willing to believe in the Grand Khan also. He was particularly interested in the tale that beyond Cathay was an Eastern ocean, and that Cipango (Japan) was in that ocean. Cipango had gold in abundance, said the tale, and not only was Cipango in the Eastern ocean, but according to Polo, there were over seven thousand islands as well, filled with spices. And spices were as valuable and easier to carry than gold or jewels—they weighed less and took much less space.

Columbus read Polo's account of Lambri where men were born with tails, and of Zeilan where the tomb of Adam stood. He read of the great cities of Quinsay, of Kanbalu, and of Zaiton in Manji, the province just south of Cathay.

All these things he believed. He believed, too, that it was God's will that he should rescue the Holy Land from the heathen, perhaps with the riches and the aid of Prester John and the Grand Khan.

(Continued on page 46)

COLUMBUS AT A BANQUET IN HIS HONOR GIVEN UNDER THE EYE OF ONE OF THE HEATHEN GODS WHILE ENTERTAINMENT IS GENEROUSLY PROVIDED AND AN INDIAN CHIEFTAIN SMOKES HIS PIPE, SURROUNDED BY OFFERINGS OF NEW WORLD FRUITS AND VEGETABLES





BUSHY TORE BACK TO SCHOOL, HOLDING THE PACKAGE GINGERLY AS IF IT WERE A BOMB

LOFTY~SOUND DEFECTS MAN

By

EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

Illustrated by LESLIE TURNER

EDWARD LOFTING RYDER sat comfortably in his room, absorbed in what appeared to be a catalog of some kind. His feet were elevated on his desk, his chair was tilted at a perilous angle, and at his elbow was a little light refreshment in the form of a bag of salted peanuts. He occasionally punctuated the steady rhythm of reaching for peanuts by lowering his feet, bringing the chair legs down with a bang, and adding a scrawl to the sheet of paper on the desk before him. Presently there were determined footsteps on the stairs and his young sister, Bushy, poked her tousled head into the room.

"What are you doing?" she demanded sharply. "It sounds like distant cannonading, downstairs."

"Pretend that there *is* cannonading," Lofty advised, crunching a nut.

"Father'll be up in a minute," Bushy continued. "He says the ceiling is in danger."

Lofty eased the chair legs and his own to the floor, and put his elbows instead of his heels on the desk. Bushy picked up a peanut with one hand and, with the other, one of the catalogs with which the floor was strewn.

"Don't pester me," said Lofty.

"Not pestering," Bushy replied, munching. "What do you want phonograph records for?"

"Get out of the peanuts," Lofty remarked by way of answer.

Bushy helped herself to another, and turned the pages of the pamphlet. "We haven't even got a phonograph," she observed. "Are you ordering these for Margie?"

"I am not," her brother replied with some annoyance.

Bushy looked over his shoulder at the open page. "List of

Sound Effect Recordings," she read. "Well, I never! You mean they actually have such things for sale? Oh, let me look!"

She hung her chin over his shoulder and he attempted vainly to brush it off.

"There's a duplicate catalog," he told her grudgingly. "Here—paw over that, if you must, and stop puffing in my ear."

Bushy retreated with the book and a hastily snatched handful of peanuts. She sat down on the edge of the bed. "Fascinating," she murmured. "Perfectly fascinating. *Dog Bark; Baby Crying; Angry Mob*. And oh, look! *Fright (mixed voices); Mumbling (female voices)*. Do get the *Mumbling*, Lofty—it sounds wonderful."

"I happen not to need any mumbling," her brother said firmly.

"Do you need *Boos and Hisses (mixed voices)*, or *Wails (mixed voices)*?" Bushy asked hopefully. "They'd be too thrilling! And here's *Tractor Motor Running at Full Speed*

—what would anybody want that for? And *Train Whistling in Tunnel and Passing Station at Full Speed.*"

By now Bushy was prancing in the middle of the floor, completely carried away by the fascination of an entirely new field.

"How can I concentrate for one single moment?" Lofty cried testily. "I might as well have the tractor motor running full speed as to have you in here."

"*Auto Starting, Shifting Gear, Blowing Horn,*" Bushy chanted in a spellbound crescendo. "*Noises in Restaurant, with and without Music; Engine in Roundhouse, Constant*

Bushy didn't realize she was going to be understudy to a train whistle when Lofty attempted to bar her from taking part in the high school play



"WHAT'EVER IS GOIN' ON IN BACK THERE?" SHOUTED DAN, THE JANITOR, AS HE PUSHED HIS HEAD CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE CURTAIN

with Whistle; Constant with Whistle, Bell, and Crossing Trestle—"

"Bushy, constant with chatter, babble, et cetera," Lofty said loudly. "Get out!"

"*Wind; Howling Wind and Sea; Thunder; Running Brook. Steamboat Siren Intermittent; Steamboat Siren Continuous—*" Bushy gabbled ecstatically. "Oh, Lofty, you're going to get them *all*, aren't you?"

"Certainly not," Lofty rejoined firmly. "D'you think the Dramatic Association is made of money?"

"What's the Dramatic Association got to do with these lovely, lovely things?" his sister wondered.

Lofty put the peanuts away in the top drawer of his desk, closed it resolutely, and faced Bushy with an air of unwilling resignation. "One might almost guess," he said with a patient sigh. "The Dramatic Association, my dear, is putting on a play for midyears. Dot Larcom and Jim Neale are directing. Roy Bennett is handling the electrical end, and, er—Margie Olmsted is taking the leading part."

"Ah!" said Bushy. "And you're running the orchestra, or something? That sounds more like Bill Lewis's kind of job."

"I," Lofty informed her, "am Sound Effects Man." He said it lingeringly, gloatingly; an unctuous pride oozed from every word.

"Sounds like fun," Bushy admitted grudgingly. "But what kind of play is it? Are all these tractors and steamboat whistles and boos and hisses and whatnot constantly going on off-stage?"

Lofty sighed again, less patiently. "It's a tragedy," he explained. "A melodramatic tragedy. And, in the course of it, there has to be a dog barking, and a baby crying, and wind, and a train in the distance, and a mysteriously howling cat, and a horse galloping. Naturally, no one ever uses *all* the effects available, either consecutively or simultaneously."

"Save the long words for the Dramatic Association," Bushy advised. "I do wish you could work in the *Mumbling*, though—and the *Wails*. They sound such fun. But you have quite an assortment, at that. It must be a whipper of a play."

IT WAS. Bushy had a chance to read it somewhat later. In fact, she became all too familiar with it, for Margie pressed her into service as prompter at a number of rehearsals. This pleased Bushy tremendously, for her brother and his contemporaries were apt to ignore her existence completely. Margie, however, could always be counted upon for a reasonable amount of understanding coöperation. And, as a matter of fact, Bushy—being alert and quick-witted—prompted very much better than Loretta Wentworth, to whom the job had at first been entrusted. Loretta, notably scatterbrained, had continually lost her place in the script, and spent her time chattering to Roy Bennett at the switchboard. So Bushy, who had been hanging around, stepped almost automatically into her place.

The first few rehearsals went off without benefit of sound effects, for the records had not yet arrived. But these rehearsals were fairly wild, in any case, so it did not seem amiss that just before Margie, the tragic heroine, clasped her hands and cried, "Oh, that dreadful cat again!" there would be total silence, or else some one would squeak out, "*Meow,*" in a comic voice. This came to be the accepted technique, sometimes varied by Lofty's saying, "There's supposed to be a train whistle there," or "That's where the baby cries—when my records come!"

"If your records come," Jim Neale grumbled. As Sound Effects Man, Lofty, so far, seemed to be having the easiest job in the production.

But the discs did arrive at last. Bushy happened to be at home when the mailman delivered them, and she tore back to school at once, holding the package as though it were a high-explosive bomb. Margie's portable phonograph had been installed long since, backstage (*Continued on page 39*)



Does Your Hair-do Suit Your face?

by Helen Grigsby Doss

IN THE early days of motion picture making, a girl might win a beauty contest, be awarded a Hollywood contract, and rise to stardom simply because she was breathtakingly beautiful. It is very different now. Beauty contest winners still flock to Hollywood, but unless they have something else to offer besides mere beauty, they are lucky to find a few days' work, here and there, as extras.

Personality and talent are the things that Hollywood Studios now look for in possible new stars. There is plenty of time to develop beauty later, after a contract has been signed by the promising young starlet.

As a make-up expert at one of the big Studios told me, "Every girl has potential attractiveness. The Studios don't *make* a girl beautiful—they just bring out the hidden beauty that was already there."

Before a new movie starlet appears before a camera, she is thoroughly schooled in good-grooming tricks and habits, in order to bring out as much of her "hidden beauty" as possible. She is taught how to walk gracefully, how to dress in the most becoming manner, how to talk "with music in her voice," and how to wear her hair so that it is truly her crowning glory.

In two past articles we have given you some Studio ideas on good grooming and on wardrobe planning. In this article we will pass on to you some practical hints that will help to bring out more of *your* hidden beauty, by showing you how to make your hair a real crowning glory, too.

The first step in designing yourself a new hair-do is to determine the shape of your face, and make a list of your good points and your bad points. Sit down in front of your dressing table mirror, and tie a hand towel, or bandanna, around your hair. With your locks completely covered up, study your face and hairline critically. Is it oval in shape? Is it round? Or does it have a long, lean look?

Is your chin gently rounded, or is it broad and square, or is it pointed?

How are the rest of your features? Do you have a large, high-bridged nose, or a tiny, up-tilted one? Are your eyes large



IF YOUR FACE IS OVAL
—wear the sides brushed
up in reverse rolls and—



—tie your hair in the nape of
your neck with a ribbon bow—



—or part your hair in the middle,
tying it back at the temples with
matching hair-ribbon bows—

and pretty, or are they one of your less attractive features? Do they hide behind a pair of glasses? Is your forehead too high, or your mouth too large?

What kind of a neck have you? Is it slender and graceful? Is it a bit too short and plump? Is it rather long and scraggly? Do you have ears you would like to show—or hide?

Is your hair straight, or naturally curly, or do you have a permanent? Is it thick and bushy, or is it the bane of your life because it is so thin?

Take a piece of paper and a pencil, jot down the shape of your face and the good and bad points of your features, and then we'll be ready to plan your new hair-do.

IF YOUR FACE IS OVAL: You can choose from a wide range of styles to find the ones you like the best. Just be sure that your hair is expertly trimmed and shaped, so that a bushy outline won't spoil the lovely, oval contour you are so lucky to have. Almost any of the hair styles worn by Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland, Gloria Jean, and the other teen-age stars would also be suited to you, since their faces are oval, too.

Experiment with various styles, and take advantage of your ability to wear your hair in almost any way your heart desires. There's no more reason for wearing your hair in the same old way for season after season, as if



—or try the page boy
style, with a fluff of
curls on your forehead—



—or, if you don't want
to bother with long hair,
the baby hair cut will
suit your oval face—

Your hair can really be a "crowning glory" if you wear it in a style that emphasizes your best features

Illustrated by RUTH KING



IF YOU HAVE A LONG THIN FACE—wear a long Dutch bob, or—



—if your hair is curly, let your bangs be soft and fluffy—

you wore an unchangeable wig, than there is of sticking to the same old hat. A new hair-do can give your spirits as much of a lift as a new spring hat, and it won't cost you a cent.

Try wearing the sides brushed high in reverse rolls, and the top in a gay fluff of curls or a smooth, high pompadour. Wear the back in soft, shoulder-length brush curls, or tie your hair back at the nape of your neck with a ribbon bow—George Washington style.

Later, for novelty, you might part your hair in the middle, catching it back on each side above the temples with matching bows. Let the ends swing free, Hollywood style, with a slight outward curl.

If you want a sleek, new frame for your face, you might switch to the sophisticated page-boy style, with the ends of your long bob rolled smoothly underneath. Top it with a smooth pompadour, or a fluff of curls over your forehead.

If you don't like the bother of long hair, you will be glad to know that the new "baby haircut" is gaining in popularity over the shoulder-length Hollywood bob, the favorite of American girls in recent years. The baby haircut is short all around, just long enough to curl in a brief, fluffy halo-roll all around the head. It's very flattering.

If you have straight hair, or if your hair is out of curl, braids are your best solution. Whether you are two or twenty-two, or anywhere in between, you'll be in high style if you wear braids this coming year. They are the rage on college campuses now, where coeds are gleefully stealing the pigtail styles of their little sisters.

Virginia Weidler isn't surprised at the way

braids are "taking the country." "I always did think that braids were the most sensible way to wear hair," she told me. "They're my standby." And didn't Deanna Durbin look attractive in the braids she wore in *Spring Parade*?

If you admire the way braids stay so neat and trim all day, but feel you *must* look more dignified, wind your braids up over your head in coronet style. For added color, pin a gay bow where the braids cross—and there you are, as cute as a new doll!

IF YOU HAVE A LONG, THIN FACE: You must remember that you want to do everything you can to make your face appear *shorter and wider*.

A good way to shorten the appearance of your face is to wear bangs. By covering up your high forehead, you can make your chin seem not too far away from the top hairline after all.

To increase the apparent width of your face, it is a good idea to wear your hair long, in a soft frame about your cheeks—just about chin length will be good. If your hair is straight, wear a long Dutch bob, Sara Hemingway style, that swings, soft and lustrous, a couple of inches below your ear tips. If your hair is



—but DON'T wear the new, high pompadour style that accentuates the length of your long, thin face

IF YOU HAVE A ROUND FACE



—slenderize it by fastening your curls back with a barrette



—and top your up-swept curls with a perky bow for height



—or, if your hair is straight, wear it in pigtails with a gay bow on each, but—



—if you want to be more dignified, wind your braids about your head and wear a bow



IF you don't go in for curls, you can slenderize with pigtails



BUT— you wouldn't be caught dead with your hair fluffed out at the sides

curly, let your bangs be soft and fluffy, and train your hair to curl outwards from the sides of your face.

If your hair is too thin and fine, and sticks too closely to the sides of your head, ask in a good beauty shop if a permanent would help to give "body" to your hair.

Above all, don't let the new high pompadour styles tempt you, and don't slick your hair back from the sides of your head in flat, reverse rolls. These hair-do's are not for you—unless you are looking for a job in a circus sideshow as "The Thin Woman."

Two more *don't's*: Don't pull your hair back behind your ears if you have a thin face—let it hang straight down along your cheeks; and don't wear upstanding bows on the top of your head. If you want to wear bows or flowers in your hair, wear them on the sides of your head above your ears.

IF YOU HAVE A ROUND, CHUBBY FACE: Your "do's and "don't's" are just the opposite of those for the girl with the long, thin face. You want to make your face seem longer and not so wide, so you wear your hair high on top of your head in a pompadour, or a puff of curls, and you sleek it back flat on the sides, perhaps with reverse rolls.

You will often top your curls with a perky, upstanding bow, to give you more height. You won't shorten your face by covering your forehead with bangs, and you wouldn't be caught dead with your hair fluffed out at the sides.

The back of your hair you might wear in one or two pigtales, each tied on the end with a saucy bow. If your hair is curly, you can brush the ends into long, slim, up-and-down finger curls and gather them together with a gay plastic barrette at the nape of your neck. Or you can have the back cut short with a feather-edged shingle, or a brief baby bob.

If your face isn't too round, a sleek page boy bob, the turned-under ends dipping low in back, would become you. Pin the sides flat against your head with a flat bow, or a tiny plastic barrette, just above and behind your ears.

IF YOU HAVE A SMALL FACE: Keep your hair in proportion to the size of your face. Don't try to make up for its smallness by surrounding it with a mop of bushy hair. It will only make your face seem smaller by comparison.

Hair parted in the middle to give height to your face—and short, saucy pigtales with gay bows—would put you right in the style swim. Tiny top curls, swirled high, would be nicely scaled to the size of your face. And don't forget that the "baby haircut" was practically invented for girls like you.

IF YOU HAVE A BROAD FOREHEAD AND A POINTED CHIN: Your problem is to make your forehead seem not a bit wider, and to

IF YOU HAVE A SMALL FACE—



don't dwarf it with a wild mop of flyaway hair—



—but part it in the center instead, to make your face seem larger—



—or wear tiny top curls, swirled up high on your head

IF YOU HAVE A BROAD FOREHEAD AND A POINTED CHIN



DON'T skin your hair back and leave your poor little pointed chin to face the world alone



DO part your hair on the side and wear it an inch or two longer than your pointed chin

increase the apparent breadth of the lower part of your face.

The best way to do this is to wear a side part, with the hair combed smoothly over the top of the head and along the sides at least as far down as the cheek bones. Have your hair an inch or two longer than your chin level, and let it curl out softly to broaden the lower contours of your face. Don't skin your hair back behind your ears, or pile it on top of your head—leaving your poor little unprotected, pointed chin to face the world alone.

If the top of your head seems too unadorned, you might catch back a slight wave on the long side, and pin it back above the temple, opposite the part, with a barrette or ribbon bow.

If your hair is too straight to train an outward curl on the ends, you could let an end-curl permanent save the day for you. Aren't you glad you live in this day and age—and that you don't have to depend on tongs or curlers as your grandmother did, if her hair was not naturally curly?

IF YOU HAVE A SQUARE CHIN: Your solution is just the opposite of the solution given for your sister with the pointed chin. You must *never* wear your hair smooth over the top and swinging outward at the jaw line—that is, unless you want your face to have all the alluring curves of a shoe box!

The best way to make your broad chin seem less conspicuous is to keep your hair off your cheeks, and have it swirled in high, broad lines over your forehead. By accentuating the apparent width of your forehead, the width of your chin will seem to be less by comparison.

Broad reverse rolls swept high above each temple help to give desirable width; and a pompadour, or fluff of curls, over the forehead helps to soften the square outlines of the face. Beware of bangs, as they will square off your face to a greater degree than ever. All in all, most of the hair-do's designed for round faces will look well on you—provided they are not too severe. Your square face will be softened by the wearing of curls, or a diagonal part and swirling waves above your hairline.

IF YOU HAVE A HIGH FOREHEAD, OR AN IRREGULAR HAIRLINE: Wear a soft fringe of curly, lustrous bangs over your forehead.

IF YOU HAVE A WIDOW'S PEAK: Be sure to show it. It is a most becoming beauty asset, for it gives your face a nice heart shape which is very feminine. Betty Brewer, whom you saw in *Rangers of Fortune*, and Kathryn Grayson, the young songstress-secretary in *Andy Hardy's Private Secretary*, both have widow's peaks which they show by keeping their hair brushed back from their foreheads. So don't cover a real asset with curls, or a wave, or bangs.

(Continued on page 36)



Giveaway

By MARY AVERY GLEN

Dilsey went to the masquerade in a costume of her own making, sure she'd not be recognized—but fate played a trick on her and patched up a quarrel

THE back parlor of the Merriams' old-fashioned house furnished a perfect setting for after-school confidences, especially in the deepening dusk of a winter day. The room had grown almost dark while Meg, the younger Merriam girl, and Dilsey Mercer, chosen friend of both Meg and her sister Phyl, had sat facing each other in earnest discussion, their feet on the register.

"It was the rudest thing that ever happened to me," Dilsey said indignantly.

Phyllis Merriam came upstairs from the basement kitchen. She was carrying a well-filled plate. "'Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and I'll give you something to make you wise,'" she chanted, sweetening each willing tongue with a square of barely cooled walnut fudge. "Who's rude?"

"We're talking about Paul Guthrie," Dilsey mumbled over a mouthful of fudge.

"Oh, that new boy," Phyl said. "He's good-looking."

"'Handsome is that handsome does,'" Meg quoted sternly. "Sit down, Phyl." She reached over her chair arm until she could catch the leg of a near-by rocker and drag it to the register. "It was perfectly horrid—something that happened to-day in our class in school. You tell her, Dill."

"Well," Dilsey began, "on Fridays, in English, Miss Graves always makes us read our papers aloud. This week they were essays. I was the third one picked on, and I stood up by my desk and got going. I was right in the middle and had just come to that place where I say—you

remember, Meg?—'Love is the golden lamp which illumines the path of ultimate destiny—'" Here she paused to look from one to the other of her friends half doubtfully, half defiantly. "That's good, you know, girls!"

Phyl nodded, and passed the candy plate.

"I'd just read that part when I heard a snort behind me. I bounced around, and there was Paul Guthrie—he sits in the back row—laughing till he was doubled up. Why, Phyl, he was laughing so hard he had tears in his eyes. You can imagine how it made me feel. I stopped dead. And Gravy said, in that icy tone she can get on, 'Well, Paul, perhaps you'll share the source of your amusement with the class.'"

"Harry Holt sits in front of Paul, and he set Harry off," Meg put in. "But I'm sure Harry wasn't making fun of you,

Dill. You know how it is in school when one of the kids laughs and shakes the back of your seat. It gets you giggling, too."

"No, I don't think Harry would do such a thing," Dilsey conceded.

"And then what?" Phyl prodded.

"Well, when Gravy squelched Paul he straightened up—and was his face red! He said, 'I'm sorry, Miss Graves, but I'd rather not.'"



"I'D JUST READ THAT PART WHEN I HEARD A SNORT BEHIND ME, AND THERE WAS PAUL GUTHRIE LAUGHING"



THE FLOOR, WAXED FOR DANCING, WAS ALREADY FILLING UP WITH A STRANGELY COSTUMED CROWD

So Gravy sent him out of the room—and served him right, too. I couldn't go on reading, so she let me off. And the worst of it was that old Dr. Bascom was sitting on one of the back seats. Dr. Bascom used to teach English here, years ago before you moved to Martinstown, and once in a dog's age he comes in to hear us recite."

"I don't blame you for being mad," Phyl agreed with warm partisanship. "Did Paul apologize after school?"

"Nope. But I showed him by my manner that I was through. I've always been nice to Paul Guthrie. I liked him and I thought he liked me, but apparently I was kidding myself on that score. It was a shame, too, because that essay was the best thing I've ever written. So sort of—you know—psychological."

The grandfather clock in the hall tolled five. "I've got to go," Dilsey said, reaching for a last piece of fudge. "But first, what are you girls going to wear to the school masquerade? Tuesday night's not far off."

"Phyl's got a peachy costume," Meg scrambled up to snap on the light in a rose-shaded lamp behind Dilsey's chair. "She's going as a Spanish senorita. She found the most glorious old dress in one of the trunks in the Black Hole of Calcutta—black satin brocaded in red flowers and ruffled to the waist. So stiff it stands alone. Aunt Marcia's helping her fix it. Aunt Marcia's going to lend her a black lace scarf for a mantilla and a high comb that belonged to Grandma. And Phyl and I found a gorgeous red rose for her hair in the ten cent store."

"That'll be lovely," Dilsey agreed. "What's yours, Meg?"

"Oh, I'm in luck for once!" Meg told her. "My clown suit, with the black and white polka dots, is good as new, and I've never worn it in Martinstown, so no one's seen it."

"Well, for myself," Dilsey said reflectively, "this time I thought I'd try something different—something kind of radical, you know. The other night I saw an article on costumes in the *Keyesville Gazette*. It said that a splendid disguise could be made out of magazine covers, the kind with colored pictures. You baste 'em on a cloth foundation. You make the mask out of two covers sewed together at the sides—or three,

if two won't go around—with slits cut for your eyes. The mask would make you look awfully tall and spooky."

"Sounds good. Have you enough of the right kind of covers?" Phyl asked.

Dilsey nodded. "*The Saturday Evening Post*. My cousin in Trenton sends me a subscription. There's a pile of them up in our garret. I thought I'd go out to Tinkerton and ask Aunt Mattie for one of her old calico dresses for a foundation. She's short and fat, but she makes her dresses way down to the ground and puts in wide hems. I can let the hem out, and sew the dress up at the sides on the machine, to make it narrow. I want it long enough so it won't show my feet." She stretched out her legs and surveyed her scuffed oxfords. "Everybody in Martinstown knows my big feet, I guess."

ON TUESDAY evening there was such a flurry of excitement around the Merriams' dinner table that Duke, Miss Merriam's bull terrier, as often in such a case, took advantage of it to perform a lawless act. As Lobelia, the colored maid, brought in the dessert, he hustled across the hall into the kitchen and returned importantly with a large chicken bone, taken from one of the discarded dinner plates, sticking like a pipe out of a corner of his mouth.

"Hank Buzby's going to bring me his father's old coon coat to wear over my clown suit," Meg announced chuckling, not noticing the dog.

"That's sensible," Aunt Marcia approved, dealing out custard. "It's such a cold, windy night that I've been worried about Hank's little open car. Phyl can wear my fur cape over her golf coat. *Dukie!* Give me that bone at once. You know better than that, fellow."

"Larry says—" Phyl began, but an imperative jingle from the telephone stopped her. "Oh, there goes the 'phone. I'll answer. Excuse me, Aunt Marcia."

"Hello! Oh, Dill. How are you getting along? . . . Yes, I mean with your costume. . . Oh, for goodness' sake, isn't that awful? Poor old Slim. And he can't take you?" ("Slim Oliver's down with measles," she informed the others in a hurried aside over her shoulder.) "What're you going to do,



STATIONED AT THE PHONOGRAPH WAS A SILK-HATTED CANNIBAL WHO APPEARED TO HAVE A BONE THROUGH HIS NOSE

Dill? . . . Yes, of course, all the other boys are dated up. You could come with us, only Hank Buzby's driving Meg and me and Larry Haskell over in his old jalopy, and it's a tight squeeze for four. Your magazines would be torn to ribbons.

"Oh, your father's going to bring you as far as the door. That's good. And you won't mind coming in alone. It'll make you even more mysterious. . . Well, I'll say you're mighty game about it. See you later. 'By.'"

THE high school gymnasium was warm, and gay with lights and American flags, school trophies, and streamers of class colors. The floor, waxed for dancing, was filling with a strangely costumed crowd, weirdly masked, standing in groups or parading back and forth beneath swaying pennants and ropes of evergreen. There were hoboes and farmerettes, cowboys and flower girls, Indians and ghosts—and a villainous pirate. Stationed at the radio-phonograph, a cannibal, who appeared to have a bone through his nose, was responsible for an ear-splitting rendering of one of Sousa's marches. A huge gingham ruffle eked out the lower edge of his bathing suit, and a silk hat—presumably the headgear of his latest victim—was perched rakishly on the side of his topknot.

The usual buzz of talk was lacking, for voices are reveal-

ing, but there were high falsetto outcries, squeaks and gibberings, deep groans, and rumblings of sepulchral mirth.

Phyl's eyes sparkled through her black satin mask. "I'll bet I know who that one is—that Dutch woman stuffed out with pillows. Look! You can see the cuffs of his pants under his red skirt. It's Okie-Doke. See how little he is—smaller than any of the other boys."

"And I'll bet I know the cannibal," Meg whispered breathlessly. "Dirk Hoffman. So awfully brown. Isn't he a scream? But what's that hanging around his neck?"

Through his narrow eye slits Hank Buzby squinted toward the radio. "A tin can labeled 'Salt,'" he said, and at the risk of identification laughed uproariously.

In her black and white polka dots, Meg stood on tiptoe and craned her neck. "What are they all looking at? Who's coming in?" Then, unseen by Larry and Hank who were not in the secret, she turned and squeezed Phyl's hand. For alone in the doorway stood a remarkable figure, tall as a totem pole, stiff and crackling, clad in as many colors as Joseph's coat—Dilsey, in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Her disguise was unique, so unlike the others that she accomplished to the full, and immediately, her hoped-for sensation. A ripple of approval and conjecture widened ahead of her across the room. "Say, that's a (Continued on page 37)

At Her Country's Service

by

ANNE
NEW

Girl Scout
National
Staff



Photographs
by Paul
Parker



SOME OF THE ACTIVITIES OF SENIOR SERVICE SCOUTS. ABOVE: THEY MEND CLOTHES IN THE WAR AGAINST WASTE —AND MOBILISTS DELIVER MESSAGES. RIGHT: THEY LEARN ABOUT CHILD CARE



"I will do my best at all times and under all circumstances to deserve the name of Senior Service Scout. I will try to be dependable, self-reliant, and unselfish. I want to be useful to my community and to my country—the United States of America"

PERHAPS, some day in 1942, you will be repeating those words above. They are the solemn pledge of service of the Senior Service Scouts.

And what are the Senior Service Scouts? They are a new Senior Girl Scout group for girls who have met special requirements of defense emergency training.

Instead of berets, the Senior Service Scouts will wear jaunty green service caps with the red, white, and blue Triple-S emblem on the side. There's an arm band, too, to be worn on the left sleeve of your jacket. And when you wear your Senior dress, the emblem should be sewn on the pocket. Mariners wear it on the front of their gob hats.

New hats and gay emblems sound exciting, and they are, but like all Girl Scout insignia, they must *mean something*. You have to *earn* the right to display the circle emblem of the Triple-S.

Look at the pictures on this page. They show some of the things that you'll probably be doing before the year is out. Senior Service Scouts can concentrate on one of four fields of activity—child care; food; transportation and communication; shelter, clothing, and recreation. The pictures show activities in three of these fields. They can't begin to show the many other things that you can do.

You Seniors who are already First Class Scouts should have little difficulty in qualifying for the Senior Service Scout cap. Seniors who are not First Class Scouts can begin now to plan with their troops to meet the Triple-S requirements.

Just what are these requirements? They're the sort of things that you'd expect of a girl fifteen years old or more, who really wanted to "be prepared" for any emergency.

First of all, of course, you should have your (Continued on page 45)



Illustrations by
CORINNE
MALVERN



THE SILENCE PROLONGED ITSELF
ABSURDLY. AT LAST JOEL BURST
OUT, "YOU REALLY ARE TAKING
THIS RIDICULOUS JOB, THEN?"

SKY RABBITS *Unlimited*

By ELEANOR HULL

The Story So Far

To Kate Brown, sixteen and just graduated from high school in the tiny Rocky Mountain town of Sky Rock, the future looked bleak. Her Aunt Elizabeth, dean of women in a Kansas college, had refused to help her through college, saying that anybody who really wanted an education could find a way to get it. But Kate's widowed mother had only a small pension with which to support the family—herself, Kate, fifteen-year-old Ruth, and eleven-year-old Matt—and the only available job was that of maid in the home of the Roncas, newcomers who had started an Angora rabbit farm in Sky Rock after Mr. Ronca's business in the East had failed.

Kate decided to apply for the job and was accepted. She enjoyed the new interests revealed by life in the Roncas' home; she loved caring for the rabbits; and she was drawn to Mr. Ronca and to Joel, an attractive but unhappy boy who bitterly resented his parents' inability to send him to Harvard, as he had planned. She did not, however, please Mrs. Ronca. Headstrong Kate, executive and capable, was used to taking responsibility and speaking her mind with candor—but to her employer she seemed merely bossy. After a number of clashes (both before and after Mrs. Ronca's serious illness) Kate was asked to leave, and Ruth, her sister, took her place acceptably, as she had a less vigorous personality.

Kate, distressed by the fragility of her little cousin, Linda-lee, decided to use part of her boarded wages to take the baby to the doctor in Denver—but at that moment arose an embarrassing situation. Song-Dog, Matt's tame coyote, killed one of the valuable Angora rabbits belonging to the Roncas.

Little Matt and Kate both had a bad time before the skies cleared for them and Kate's dream of a rabbit farm of her own became reality

PART FIVE

KATE carried the twenty-five dollars down to breakfast the next morning. She cast a stricken look at Linda-lee, solemnly spilling cereal down her small front in Little Matt's old high chair.

"I'll make Lena take her to the doctor," she silently vowed, "since I can't do it myself."

Little Matt's heavy footsteps clumped on the stairs. Kate looked at him once and then quickly away again. Little Matt had spent a night of initiating tragedy. He was no longer just a little boy.

"Here's twenty-five dollars I want you to give to Mr. Ronca, Ruthie," said Kate slowly. "For that rabbit. It may not be as much as they could get for her, but it's all I have."

"For the rabbit?" Ruth stared, and Mom raised her eyes from the coffee pot. Little Matt punctuated the silence with a long, quivering breath.

"And Little Matt and I are going to take Song-Dog back

into the hills and turn him loose this morning," said Kate.

Then Little Matt's sobs burst forth, and Mom and Ruth understood.

"They won't want to take the money," protested Ruth.

"They have to," said Kate harshly.

The pilgrimage to the foot of Sky Rock was like a funeral procession, except that the victim mourned was in a state of lively health, quite unconscious of his fate and determined to pierce the hearts of his mourners by frolicking in the most winsome way at the end of his rope lead.

He made elfish darts toward chipmunks, he worried the lead with vicious growls, wagging tail, and much provocative rolling of the eyes; he even got up and walked a short time on his hind legs, a trick which Little Matt had just succeeded in teaching him.

"What'll he eat?" wailed Little Matt. "He's used to having hamburger or liver all cooked and salted, so nice and regular."

"He ate part of a rabbit yesterday," Kate reminded him gently. "I think he'll get along fine, Little Matt."

"But he didn't do anything wrong," Little Matt grieved. "It isn't fair. It was just his nature."

"Yes, and we're taking him back to the place where his nature belongs," said Kate. "Remember, we saved him when he was a helpless puppy, Little Matt, and now he's going back home. Try to think of it like that."

BUT I want him!" Little Matt cried passionately. "I want to play with him, and feed him, and teach him to roll over, and have him play with my shoe."

They took off Song-Dog's lead at the foot of Sky Rock, where a small breeze stirred the immense quiet and the sun shone placidly on the white sand and pungent pines. Song-Dog sat for a minute and looked at them in surprise; then he scratched his ear and curled up in the sun for a nap. When a chipmunk darted past, he twitched his nose and sat up alertly; then he got up and shot after it like a dog, only more silent and shadowlike, closer to the ground and more negligently efficient.

"Come on now, we'd better go back," said Kate.

"Maybe he'll follow us," said Little Matt, and all the way down his steps lagged and he kept looking over his shoulder. But Song-Dog didn't come.

Dinner that night was a dismal affair.

"They sure didn't want to take your money, Kate," Ruth said, shaking her head. "I found it in my pocketbook again when I started home, but I left it on the piano. I think they'll still try to give it back to you. They say it was their fault about the fence."

"Eat your chops, Little Matt," said Mom for the third time.

"The body need not be fed when the soul is dead," said Little Matt.

Kate and Ruth choked, and Little Matt glared at them. Mom looked at him kindly. "I'll save the chops for you," she said. "Your soul isn't so dead as you think it is. Look here, why don't you and Kate go over and see Fritz Gerber tonight? Mis' Gerber was telling me to-day about the poor fellow. Seems this new doctor has him on a diet of nothing but fruit juice. Land sakes! Take away what little pleasure in life the poor soul had left."

"I don't want to go see anybody," said Little Matt drearily.

"Point is, Fritz might like to see you," said Mom. "You could tell him about Song-Dog. Might do you good to talk about it, and him good to think about somebody else's troubles for a change. Funny thing how it chirks a person up to know the rest of the world has difficulties, too."

Kate usually accepted Mom's easy wisdom as naturally as she breathed, but that night she was impressed to see how much more cheerful Fritz looked after Little Matt had recited the ballad of Song-Dog, with every slightest detail, and how



"JOEL RONCA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" KATE GASPED. JOEL, IGNORING THE QUESTION, BEGAN POUNDING AGAIN

flushed and tragically triumphant Little Matt looked, too.

"Gosh, I'm glad I seen him onct, anyway," said Fritz. "Such a nice little fellow he was! Seems like to me people ought to keep their critters shut up safe, so's they wouldn't get other folks into trouble."

"Coyotes gets into trouble any place, when they wants to," said Mrs. Gerber, the only jarring note in the chorus, because she was obviously against coyotes as pets and in favor of all domesticated animals. "We had a school board meeting last night, Kate, to talk about who to get for janitor in place of that Locia, who can't be put up with any longer, and Mis' Green told us how some coyotes snuk in and stole eggs from her all spring."

"Locia finally got kicked out?" asked Kate interestedly. "Who are you getting instead?"

"We ain't found nobody yet," said Mrs. Gerber. "Lowndes's oldest boy talked some about taking it, but I don't know as he'd be any better than Locia—that girl-crazy he is. We've got to find somebody quick, to clean up before school begins."

Kate's heart began to pound. "Would you—would you consider a girl, Mrs. Gerber?"

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Gerber. "Why?"

"Would you consider me?" asked Kate.

Mrs. Gerber and Fritz and Little Matt all looked at her in a startled way. Kate could fairly see their minds painfully adjusting themselves.

"It always has been a boy," Mrs. Gerber said slowly.

"Oh, I'd be good," Kate assured her.

"Yes, you're a real good worker," agreed Mrs. Gerber. "I'll take it up with the board."



"Joy!" cried Kate. "Then it's settled." And didn't notice that Mrs. Gerber looked slightly puffy of mouth and offended of eye over the remark, for she was always perturbed by reports of her own bossiness.

It was true, of course; Kate received her notice at the beginning of the week.

WHEN Kate flung open the schoolhouse door on the first morning of her new job, there came to her a dusty, musty smell of disuse. Besides that, there was a sharp, small-animal smell that made her remember deserted miners' cabins, far back in the mountains, that the chipmunks and mice had taken over.

"It's a nice smell back in the woods," she thought, dragging out buckets and mops, "but not in a schoolhouse. Not the kind of atmosphere to make the kids want to study when they come back to school next week." She looked around the vast, gloomy room. All that woodwork, all those windows, every scarred and ink-stained desk, should be washed. "Maybe I can make it look real nice," she thought with a brave, if tremulous rise of the spirits.

"Nobody ever swept these cracks out before!" she panted a bit later, brushing up quantities of powder-soft, gray dust. She looked despairingly from the imposing mound of dirt to the great untouched room. "Well, I sha'n't either, then," she decided, and turning her broom flat she hastened on at a slightly improved rate. But now even the brave thought of

making a perfect job of janitoring the schoolhouse withered and died, and she brushed drearily through the dust with no banner to cheer her.

After what seemed like grimy aeons, she heard the door creak. She looked over her shoulder and saw Joel come in. He carried a swimming suit and his face was grim. He glared at her and sat down on the teacher's desk. Kate turned away and went on sweeping.

The silence prolonged itself absurdly, and then Joel burst out, "You really are taking this ridiculous job, then?"

"It's only people's false ideas and snobbishness that make it seem a ridiculous job," Kate retorted, and enveloped herself in clouds of dust again.

Joel got off the desk without another word and went out.

The week was long, hard, and

gloomy. The work she'd thought a day or two would finish stretched into five; and every night, when she came home tired and dispirited, she found Ruth at the piano trying a new song Joel had taught her, or a new knitting stitch Mrs. Ronca had taught her, or telling an interesting new tale about the great projects at the Ronca Rabbit Farm.

On Friday, Kate felt more discouraged than ever. The cleaning was finished, though the small-animal smell remained mysteriously strong. But the schoolroom didn't look any better than before; in fact, she thought it looked worse. The cleanness of it seemed to show up the ugliness of the battered woodwork and the watermarked walls. And she had wanted it to look so nice for the opening of school!

Suddenly Kate thumped her knee, and her face lighted. She fairly ran home, put up a picnic lunch, and spent the morning in the woods.

Early in the afternoon she was back, staggering under a prickly, fragrant load. She dropped the heap of plummy evergreen branches on the floor and hauled a stepladder up from the black hole of a cellar.

There was a box of nails in the teacher's desk, but no hammer. "Oh, my aunt's neck," Kate exclaimed impatiently. She pulled off her stout oxford and climbed the stepladder. "I can use my heel."

The rich frieze of evergreen boughs grew slowly around the wall, just above the blackboard, but it grew in beauty. Kate got down occasionally for another (Continued on page 31)

The TULSA, OK SCOUTS AT WO



ABOVE: AN APPRECIATIVE BROWNIE TROOP EXAMINES THE NEW UNIFORMS WHICH THEIR MOTHERS MADE FOR THEM AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THEIR TROOP TREE

RIGHT: BROWNIES DISCOVER THE JOYS OF GIVING AS WELL AS RECEIVING, WHEN THEY DISTRIBUTE GIFTS TO LESS FORTUNATE CHILDREN AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY



ABOVE: GOOD SPORTS AS WELL AS GOOD COOKS, THESE GIRLS PREPARED LUNCH FOR THEIR TEACHERS STRUGGLING WITH REPORTS ON THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL

CENTER: AN OLDER GIRL LOCATES FOR TWO INTERESTED JUNIORS THE INTERNATIONAL SCOUT CAMP IN SWITZERLAND, AND TELLS THEM OF THE HAPPY DAYS—WHICH WE HOPE WILL SOON RETURN—WHEN GIRLS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD MET THERE IN PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP TO DISCUSS THEIR PROBLEMS



OKLAHOMA, GIRL WORK AND PLAY



ABOVE: WE CAN ALMOST HEAR THE SHOUTS OF "LET'S GO!" AS THESE GIRLS AND THEIR MASCOT PREPARE TO ENJOY TO THE FULL ONE OF TULSA'S RARE SNOWSTORMS



LEFT: FURNISHING A DOLL'S HOUSE IS A HAPPY COMBINATION OF WORK AND PLAY FOR THESE BROWNIES, AS THEY TACKLE THE MANY PROBLEMS OF INTERIOR DECORATION



ABOVE: A CAMPER TRIES TO CAPTURE WITH HER PENCIL A FLEETING MOMENT OF LIGHT AND SHADOW AT THE BEAUTIFUL TULSA DAY CAMP. SKETCHING IS ONE OF THE FAVORITE ACTIVITIES AND AN ESPECIALLY REWARDING ONE



LEFT: HAPPY MEMORIES OF CAMPING DAYS ARE BROUGHT BACK AS THE MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR CAMP COMMITTEE SELECT PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH WILL BE USED FOR PUBLICITY, TO TELL OTHER GIRLS ABOUT THE FUN OF CAMPING

Around the Year with the TULSA GIRL SCOUTS

*A Senior Scout of Tulsa, Oklahoma, describes
year-round activities of Girl Scouts in her
community, from Brownies to Senior Scouts*

TULSA Girl Scouts are diligently putting into action their motto, "Be Prepared," and their present watchword, "Training for To-day's Needs," with all the vigor and strength they possess. From the Brownie to the Senior Scout, everyone is thus engaged, making a fuller year for Tulsa Girl Scouts than ever before.

The year usually starts off with a bang after Christmas, with fast and furious preparation for the annual exhibit at Philbrook Art Museum, a generous gift to Tulsa by oil millionaire and philanthropist, Waite Phillips.

In Tulsa, as in many other Southwestern towns, interest centers around the romantic stories of cowboys and Indians. Tulsa is so young that forty years spans its history. Not very long ago it was no more than a collection of log cabins and tepees of a sleepy Indian village. Then, when the grandparents of Tulsans of to-day arrived, it changed and the "pale faces" had to seek refuge behind blockades from the war-whooping, tomahawking Indians. Since then, it has no longer been sleepy, nor much of a village, and not very Indian—but with this background Tulsa girls naturally tend to make most of their handicraft work in typical Indian or cowboy design.

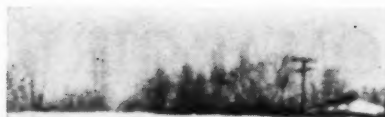
Indian work in copper and silver, and many

other projects devoted to the Indians have been undertaken and exhibited. One troop became so thoroughly engrossed with the tribes of Oklahoma that the girls made an intensive study of them. The result was an Indian map worked out with characteristic symbols and designs, and a beautiful array of highly colorful hand-woven rugs. To keep the "Southwestern idea" predominant, a model pueblo, typical of the Santa Fe district, was made by a troop interested in out-of-State Indians.

Mothers began to wonder just what was going on, when their offspring wanted beets and spinach to juice, and they were even more surprised when they found that these vegetables were to be used for dyes in a Philbrook Museum project. But they uttered "ohs" and "ahs" of admiration, when they saw the beautifully colored red and green trays and baskets of various descriptions.

Some people were also amazed to find that many of Grandmother's arts have been revived. A number of girls made original designs for samplers, and then sat very patiently, embroidering the intricate patterns. Danish weaving is a popular craft with Tulsa Scouts, and many mothers were the proud recipients of beautiful towels.

One troop sent to regional headquarters for



HAVING FUN IN THE SNOW—A RARE TREAT FOR THE TULSA GIRL SCOUTS



BROWNIE SCOUTS DO FOLK DANCES TYPICAL OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES WHILE STUDYING CHILDREN OF OTHER LANDS—A PACK PROJECT



COÖPERATING WITH THE TULSA PUBLIC HEALTH ASSOCIATION, GIRL SCOUTS WORKED TOGETHER PLACING TYPHOID SEALS IN ENVELOPES FOR MAILING TO ASSOCIATION LISTS

a list of all the lone troops in Oklahoma, and then made a large map designating their location. These are only a few of the many, many exhibits which were to be found at Philbrook.

With the cry, "Spring is here," every year enthusiastic gardeners begin to lug out hoes, cultivators, and trowels. Despite blistered hands and sunburned noses, Tulsa girls always come back for more. This annual burst of energy has brought them to the aid of the Tulsa Garden Club. Then, after many hours of toil, they are rewarded when they take their lovely blossoms to the Annual Flower Show and carry some ribbons home. One businesslike troop saw an opportunity to strengthen their troop treasury. They decided to grow vegetables and sell them. The plan was so successful that they made enough money to spend a week at camp.

Also, about springtime every year, people begin to see the girls in green tearing up and down the streets, urging their friends and neighbors to buy Girl Scout cookies. They seem to do a pretty good job of it, too, for each year more and more boxes are sold. Following this exciting contest is an annual rally, in which all the toil and zeal is rewarded. Also, the girls who have been in the organization five or ten consecutive years, receive their membership bars.

As school closes, senior girls add another

BELOW: A CRAFTS GROUP MADE AND FIRED THEIR OWN POTTERY, HOLDING A SLUMBER PARTY AT THE HOME OF THEIR LEADER WHERE THEY TOOK TURNS ARISING AT REGULAR INTERVALS TO CHECK THE "BAKING" PROCESS



ABOVE: TULSA SCOUTS IN THE COSTUMES WORN IN THEIR INTERNATIONAL PAGEANT, AN ANNUAL AFFAIR HELD DURING GIRL SCOUT WEEK TO CELEBRATE THE FOUNDER'S BIRTHDAY



WITH THE FLAGS THEY MADE THEMSELVES OF THE COUNTRIES IN LAST YEAR'S PAGEANT

event to the many for the graduates. The affair is usually carried out in the form of a pot-luck supper, with the graduating Senior Scouts as the honor guests. It always proves to be a much awaited event and is crowned with more success each succeeding year.

The Scout calendar is built on a strong foundation of diversity—and as summer wings its way nearer, the minds of Tulsa girls turn toward one of the star points of interest in Scouting—camp.

At the Day Camp there are so many activities on the program that some girls wonder why they weren't born with five or six legs and arms, and the ability to be nine or ten places at once. Every day they have an opportunity to go swimming, to learn how to play tennis, to try their hands at archery, sketching, singing, nature walks, making blue prints, acting in plays, weaving belts, working in metal, wood, leather, and about any other craft imaginable.

If you asked a Tulsa Girl Scout to locate the best place to spend a summer, I am sure you would promptly receive the answer, "Camp Scott." Every year, the girls can hardly wait for the opening of Tulsa's established Girl Scout camp, located in the Ozark foothills. The girls swim in the cold, sparkling waters of Spring Creek, and ride horses over rocky hills covered with scrubby blackjack oaks. This is a historic Indian spot and the girls dig up arrowheads and Indian relics, as well as talk to the full-blood Indians on the neighboring farms. They have opportunity for all the other activities typical of camps, and usually come home pounds heavier, with a deep-brown sun tan and rosier cheeks—and they always have a bag full of stories to tell about all the fun they have had.

As summer draws to a close, the girls start to get their entries ready for the Tulsa State Fair. How proud they are, when they arrive at the Fair, to see prize ribbons fluttering on the articles they have made all by themselves!

When the leaves begin to turn and the weather is crisp and invigorating, the Senior Scouts become interested in the barn dance which is scheduled. What fun they have fix-

ing up the barn, and making corn and cotton boutonnieres for their "dates"! Then it is quite a sight to see them in gingham dresses and big hair ribbons, with the boys in overalls and straw hats, jigging the square dance in the true hillbilly fashion.

Annually, when the troops celebrate the founder's birthday with the feeling of international friendship surging high, they make the Juliette Low Fund an important part of their ceremonies. Each year this has grown more and more, and now it is almost an accepted troop activity, and one always wholeheartedly supported by the girls.

As the wintry blasts approach, all highways and byways lead to Tulsa's million dollar colosseum for ice skating. Therefore the Scouts have an annual ice skating party and invite all the moms, dads, and other relatives to have fun displaying their latest whirls.

Upon the arrival of the Yuletide season, when everyone has caught the contagious spirit of old Saint Nick, a great number of troops adopt unfortunate families in order that they may be able to share the joy and cheer of the holidays. As carol singing and the beautiful story of Christ's birth are an integral part of Christmas, the Girl Scouts, acting as hostesses, invite the participation of their friends, the Camp Fire Girls and the

Girl Reserves, in the presentation of a beautiful vesper service in one of the Tulsa churches.

The girls also help the unfortunate babies of Tulsa with a contribution of hundreds of cans of milk yearly.

In fact, Tulsa Scouts are happy when they think they have an opportunity to serve in any way. Telephones are jangling and wires are busy when these girls set out to let all Tulsans know about the Old Bundle Day which the Junior Chamber of Commerce sponsors annually. This year they divided the telephone book with the Camp Fire Girls, and reminded people of the collecting of old aluminum for national defense. The girls also responded to the President's appeal and helped with the campaign against infantile paralysis by staying in the March of Dimes booths. Many troops have wholeheartedly cooperated with Bundles for Britain and the Red Cross.

With such a calendar, Tulsa Girl Scouts never lack interesting activities at any time of the year. But while these girls are keeping busy, they are trying to live the democratic and American way of life; to develop themselves physically, emotionally, mentally, morally, and socially; and by living a full life today, to prepare for a fuller life to-morrow.

Jean Harmon, Senior Scout

WINNERS *in the* GIRL SCOUT

Photo Contest

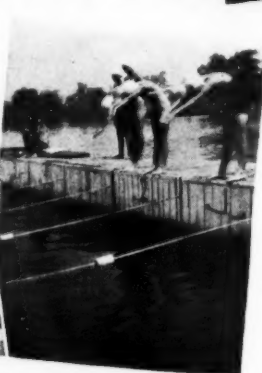
Here they are—the pictures the judges selected as worthy of the first, second, third, and fourth prizes in the Girl Scout Photo Contest. A fifth prize and ten special awards, as well as eighty-five honorable mentions, were given for photographs submitted from twenty-five States and the District of Columbia



FIRST PRIZE
(Girl Scout equipment to the value of \$10.00) won by Mary Ziegler, Greencastle, Penn., for "Starting Breakfast"



TIED FOR SECOND PRIZE
(Girl Scout equipment to the value of \$7.50) won by Lenora Henry of Lexington, Ky., for "First Aid," left; and by Lilian Froeblich, Queens Village, N. Y., for "After the Parade," right



TIED FOR FOURTH PRIZE
(Girl Scout equipment to the value of \$4.00) won by Cecelia Brown, Lexington, Mass. (top left); Phyllis Dunn, Akron, Ohio (top right); Loretta Darigo, Webster Groves, Mo. (lower left); and W. Harriet Snyder of Albany, N. Y.



Doris White of South River, N. J. won Fifth Prize, Girl Scout equipment to the value of \$3.00



THIRD PRIZE (Girl Scout equipment to the value of \$5.00) won by Virginia Feller of Leavenworth, Kansas, for her photograph, "Um-m-m, Pancakes!"

SKY RABBITS

armload of boughs, and each time she backed off, she looked at the decoration appreciatively, head on one side and eyes narrowed.

"My back's killing me, but it's worth it—it's going to be lovely," she thought, surveying the gracious line of greenery.

Two people were coming into the schoolroom. Kate turned hastily. "Mrs. Gerber!" she ejaculated. "Oh, and Mrs. Phipps! How do you like it?"

The two women stood stolidly, observing. Mrs. Gerber was as unemotional as a pat of butter. Mrs. Phipps's dark eyes darted fast into corners and under desks, for she was the mother of the deposed Lucia.

"It looks fairly clean," said Mrs. Gerber. "But, Kate, what on earth's all the greens doing?"

"They're decorations, of course," returned Kate. "For the opening of school. Aren't they nice? I mean to get the rest up by evening."

Mrs. Gerber took three steps, peering at the floor. She pointed with triumph. "You'll have to have them all down by evening," she said conclusively. "Look! Needles."

There was, indeed, a small sifting of green needles over the floor.

"Well, for Pete's sake," Kate exclaimed. "I'll sweep 'em up, of course."

Mrs. Phipps had been mincing around daintily, and now she placed a finger on the furled flag which stood behind the teacher's desk. "Shook out, Kate?"

"Pete's sake," repeated Kate in irritation. She seized the flag, released the cord that bound it—and gasped when a shower of small, squealing things flopped to the floor.

"Baby chipmunks," said Mrs. Gerber. "Thought I smelled something," said Mrs. Phipps, satisfied.

"Now see you get them greens down before Monday, when school opens," reminded Mrs. Gerber, departing. The door closed behind them.

Kate stared after the two for a moment. Then she knelt down and gathered up the squealing little chipmunks into her handkerchief. She stepped over the nest litter regally, went out and locked the door behind her, carrying home the chipmunks for Little Matt.

Her mind was a tempest of fury, protest, and grief. This small dream of beautifying the schoolhouse seemed to symbolize her great hope of lifting her own life. She'd been so sure her hope was stronger than circumstances. But now—

"You can't be any more than you were born to be, I guess," she thought bleakly. "A silk purse or a sow's ear."

The sound of a hammer began to measure off Kate's steps as she came near home. She hardly noticed it, just felt it, like the dirge of her thoughts. Then she paused at her own gate. The pounding was going on in the Brown back yard. Who could it be?

Little Matt was squatted beside the barn, and on his face was a more animated expression than he had worn in weeks. Amelia had come as close as her stake allowed and was chewing and staring. The old chicken houses that had extended from the barn had been taken apart, like a jig-saw puzzle, and Joel was working among the fragments. He wore overalls. He looked up when he heard Kate coming, and grinned self-consciously.

"Joel Ronca! What are you doing?" Kate gasped.

Joel bent to pounding again. "Well—"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

"I'll tell you what's he's doing," announced Little Matt. "He's making some rabbit homes."

"Some—what?"

"For our rabbits," said Little Matt. His thin face was full of proud anticipation. "Me and you are going to take care of them."

"But Joel—" faltered Kate.

"You didn't think we'd let you get away with that twenty-five dollar business, did you?" Joel asked, resting his hammer and observing Kate's confusion with pleasure. "The rest is on credit, to an honorable lady with a steady job who will pay back. Two does and a buck."

"Joel, I just couldn't," Kate faltered.

For answer, Joel turned around a large rectangle of board. "Not very good printing," he apologized.

The sign said, "Sky Rabbits Unlimited."

Kate thought for a moment that she would inevitably cry, but just then Little Matt noticed the squirming bundle she carried. "Hey, what's that?" he yelped, and the moment was saved.

THE three rabbits made all the difference to Kate as Indian summer burned itself out in flaming color and blue haze. Every day was full of the interest of tending them. Because of this interest, she didn't mind the daily sweeping and dusting of the schoolhouse, the Saturday cleanings.

"Seems like you're made of energy these days," Mom said. "Scrubbing up a schoolhouse, raising three finicky animals, and wanting to help your Mom besides."

Kate laughed buoyantly, took a shivering, three-minute bath in a washtub in the shed off the kitchen which was called the bathroom, and dressed in record time. Then she ran out to feed the rabbits.

It was turning colder. Through the gray chill, the lights of the canyon twinkled like fireflies in the bare cottonwoods. She noticed uneasily that the rabbits were huddling against the solid board backing of the pens. Sides and front of the pens were of hardware cloth, as well as the floors, to facilitate passage of air in warm weather. But tonight was far from warm.

"I'm glad your wool is eight times as warm as an equal weight of lamb's wool," Kate assured Alice in Wonderland, the smallest, gentlest doe, that Joel had so named because of her startled expression. "Still, I hate to have you sleep out in the cold. It makes me feel as if I were putting Lindalee outdoors. Why didn't I order that burlap, like Joel told me?"

When she had refilled the crocks, the rabbits hopped forward and began running their noses inquiringly over their food.

Ruth came in for dinner more enthusiastic than ever. "Do you know what Mrs. Ronca's thought of now?" she asked. "At the Yule Log Festival, we're going to have an exhibit of hand-spun and hand-woven things for the townspeople to see. She's going to try to interest them in crafts, and maybe get a real industry started here."

"For the villagers," murmured Kate, getting up from the table to get some more milk. But she couldn't help thinking what an industry—something constructive to do—would mean to her, and to Lena, and to dozens of others in and near Sky Rock. She reached out into the cooler, a box set outside the window, and her mind was snatched back to reality.



**Sally's in a temper,
Sally's feeling blue.
Suppose that you were Sally—
Would you know what to do?**

Hint: If it's one of those "certain days" and you feel too uncomfortable to move—try Modess! See if this newer "fluff-type" napkin won't give you lots more comfort.



**Sally's feeling better,
She's stopped her moping, too!
The how's and why's of comfort
She'll gladly tell to you...**

"Modess is softer!"—that's what 3 out of every 4 women voted in recent Softness Tests. Buy Modess today—either Regular or Junior size. (Junior Modess is narrower.)



Pronounce Modess to rhyme with "Oh Yes"

"It's snowing," she cried. "My rabbits!" She clasped her hands and looked anxiously from Ruth to her mother. "Haven't you some old blankets, Mom?"

"None extry, for such a cold night; we'll need 'em ourselves," said Mom firmly.

"We could put coats over us," Kate began, but stopped at Mom's expression. "Could I take up some rugs?"

"Rugs?" repeated Little Matt. "Say, what about the old rugs in my closet? I sure get tired of those things."

"They're mine, too!" Kate cried triumphantly. "Grandpa left 'em to me." She was off up the stairs after them.

"They're about all we have left of your grandfather's things," Mom demurred, when Kate had thumped down again, dragging a heavy box. "I don't know as I can let you use them thataway."

"You'd rather see" (*thump*) "innocent rabbits freeze?" Kate inquired breathlessly, proceeding toward the back door.

"I'll help," offered Little Matt.

"Bring the hammer and nails and the flash light," Kate called back. The door banged.

"We might as well put their dinners in the warming oven," Mom said philosophically to Ruth. So the food was warm and tasty when they tramped in, half an hour later, rosy under evanescent crowns of white.

"The first snow. Isn't it fun, when everything's fed and warm and safe?" Kate remarked contentedly. "Amelia and Little Matt's chipmunks and the rabbits. I'm going to sleep warm to-night."

MORNING found a world new and fresh and almost unbearably bright. The blue shadows on pure white mountains melted into the sky, so that the valley was held in an impalpable fairy circle. Kate sang as she tramped out through six inches of snow to the rabbit hutches with warm milk and mash. The rabbits hopped around softly and excitedly, white as the snow outside, when their hutch doors were swung open.

"You seem very healthy," Kate assured them, and looked up to see Joel dashing through the snow, his dark head high.

"Isn't this splendid, Kate?" he cried. "Look at those magnificent mountains! Why, we might be in Tibet."

"Might we?" asked Kate, standing on one foot in delight.

Joel stopped short and stared at her improvised awnings. "Say, what are those?"

"These? Why, I forgot to order the burlap," she admitted. "And last night, when it began to snow, I had to have something—and these were all I could find in the house."

"But what are they?" Joel repeated. He strode closer and picked up a corner of one of the blankets, examining its weave. "Navajos, and old ones," he answered himself.

"Yes," agreed Kate. "Grandpa got them somewhere—he was the old Indian scout I told you about. I think he had a trading post for a while, down in New Mexico. He always liked these real well. He liked me, too, and that's why he left 'em to me."

"Well, who am I to say," said Joel, "but I think maybe collectors would go nuts over them. I wish Mother could see them. She'd know. Anyway, you ought not to leave them out here in the weather."

"I'm not going to let the rabbits freeze, whatever they are," Kate replied crisply.

"I think we have some extra burlap up at the house—that you could borrow," Joel added hastily to Kate's down-drawing brows. "Well, so long! I'm off to try the skiing

down Painter's Hill. It ought to be grand. If it's okay, you'll have to come along."

"Thanks," said Kate. "I'll be up to see about the burlap."

She hopped light-heartedly through the drifts. Probably the Navajo rugs *would* be better off indoors.

ONE evening, a few weeks later, Little Matt came into the living room to find the stovepipe red-hot and Mom apparently resting with folded hands, while the girls were busy at their knitting.

"Gollies! Looks like Christmas is really coming," said Little Matt. "Soon as Mom begins putting things underneath her when I come into the room, things mean business."

"Christmas is coming all right," said Ruth. "You should see the fruit cakes Mrs. Ronca's making. That house smells just like heaven."

"Seems like she must be wearing herself out, with all that extra work," commented Mom.

"All the knitting she's doing, too," exclaimed Ruth. "A darling little scarf for every little girl in Sky Rock, and a muffler for every little boy. She asked me to-day if I was sure I'd counted right, because, she said, it would be so awful to leave out anybody."

Kate gave a flounce. It made her feel uncomfortable inside to hear this account of Mrs. Ronca, so different from the woman she'd known. "Oh, bother! I've dropped another stitch," she said. She pulled out her needle and unraveled two rows. "I've a good notion to count the times I've unraveled, and send a note of it to Aunt Elizabeth along with the scarf. Otherwise she'll not be able to appreciate it near enough. I'm going to send her a note, anyway, and ask her to come and visit us. I want her to see the Sky Rabbits."

"And Mrs. Ronca's fixing a box of candy and nuts for every family," Ruthie went on. "And the tree. Oh, it's going to be lovely! And do you know, when I asked what she was giving Joel and Mr. Ronca, she said, 'This,' and pointed to the tree and candy and all. That's going to be all their Christmas—giving to other folks. But there isn't anybody to give to them."

Kate put down her knitting and rose with the abstraction of a sleepwalker. "I'm going upstairs a minute," she said.

In Little Matt's room she took the old Navajos carefully out of the box into which she had tumbled them, examining them as she did so. One had a red background, hardly faded by the years, and a clear, small, black-and-white pattern. One had many soft colors worked into geometric figures. The last was all black and white and tan. They were not very thick, but Kate could see that the weaving was fine and close and hard. In only one place did a nail hole show.

"Mrs. Ronca can probably mend that, or have it mended," Kate thought. "I'd ruin it, if I tried to do it. They really are pretty. I think she'll be pleased."

She folded the rugs neatly in a pile. "Mom won't care," she thought. "They're really mine. And I think Grandpa would have liked my giving them to her." She blew out the candle before going downstairs, stopping to look out of the window at the frosty night. The snow was gone, but the stars had a beautiful cold sparkle, and Kate felt for the first time that Christmas was really coming. Strange how it melted that hard, sore place in her heart to decide to do something for the person who had hurt her!

(To be continued)

"NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMICS

A new kind of contest
with

PRIZES

THE artist, Orson Lowell, and the Editors of THE AMERICAN GIRL are up a nut tree, when it comes to finding a title for the cartoon comic on the opposite page. Mr. Lowell, who drew it, said it just popped into his mind and off his pencil before he knew what he was about. And when his pencil ceased moving, there to his amazement were two young people in a rather romantic moment, sitting on the edge of a steam shovel, totally unconscious of their surroundings or what might be going to happen to them when the shovel got where it was going!

--

But experience has taught us that the readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL are wily with words and *not* tautological with titles (get out your Webster if you don't know what that means!) and so we are going to leave this problem in your hands. The girl who submits the most appropriate title will receive a BOOK as a prize.

--

The title must fit the picture. Brevity will be a point in favor of any title. Each competitor may send as many as she chooses. Please *print* the titles and include *only* your name, address, age, and date on the same sheet of paper. Address your entries to the "Name-Your-Own" Comics Editor, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th Street, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Entries must be mailed by January fifteenth.



Drawn by Orson Lowell

"NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMICS—I

Win a prize by naming this Comic. For rules, see opposite page.



IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

TREASURE ISLES*

For years the Hollanders who rule the Netherlands East Indies have been wondering whether there's to be peace or war in the Pacific. Unlike the people of certain other lands, they have worked with energy, foresight, and intelligence to get ready for anything that may come.

These islands—there are about two thousand of them—have long been known to travelers as a sort of tropical paradise. Ruined temples, jungles, exotic flowers, forbidding peaks, Balinese dancers—it has all spelled Romance. Not so romantic was the fact that



some sixty-five million natives of various yellow races were illiterate, lived under unsanitary conditions, were often a prey to disease.

The Hollanders who have guided the destinies of this archipelago have been good colonizers. Gradually they brought order, cleanliness, and justice to their scattered South Seas domains. They ended epidemics, built hundreds of hospitals and schools. All this, of course, was not done through sheer unselfishness. In natural resources the East Indies have long been a rich prize. Rubber, tin, petroleum, quinine, sugar, hemp—all were found there in heaping abundance. Generations of Hollanders developed this productiveness to such good effect that the United States came to rely on these islands as its source of quinine, and one of its two main sources of rubber and tin—the other being British Malaya.

Thus it came about that our strategic "life line" in the Pacific led across nearly seven thousand miles of ocean to Malaya and the East Indies. Our Far Eastern naval policy has been based chiefly on the slogan, "Keep our Pacific trade line intact."

Japan has not been blind to the wealth of the Indies. Her statesmen are said to believe she cannot gain a real empire without bringing the islands into her "New Order in Asia."

In September, 1940, the Japanese began to urge the East Indies authorities to grant trade and immigration concessions. Drastic demands were followed by threats. But Nippon's envoys ran into trouble—trouble, in this case,

*Written before war broke out in the Pacific.

being a redoubtable Dutchman named Hubertus J. van Mook.

Van Mook—he's sketched at left, below—had been as indifferent to Germany's growing might as any other Netherlander in the East Indies. The Nazi invasion of Holland waked him. He started a campaign to build up the Indies' defenses. Fearing the Nazis, he had no intention of letting their "Pacific partner," Japan, move in on the islands where he had spent most of his life.

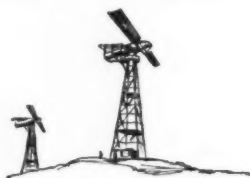
Under his direction the Indies have made themselves surprisingly strong, considering the short time they've been arming. They now have an air force of more than a thousand planes—pursuit ships and bombers sent from the United States in exchange for tin, rubber, and quinine. Their few good harbors bristle with American guns. Their army numbers a hundred thousand trained men.

The policy of the East Indies is summed up in the words of Nicolaas van Kleffens, Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs, "We want peace, but not peace at any price."

WHERE WIND MAKES LIGHT

Harnessing the wind's power is hardly a new trick. As far back as the twelfth century windmills helped with the housework. Holland has long had thousands of them, whirling away at grinding and draining. But at present it is modern America that has found a new use for an old invention. In Rutland, Vermont, a windmill was recently completed that is capable of generating enough electricity to light two thousand homes.

What happens when the wind dies? The windmill's work dies, too. As a matter of fact, wind-made electricity in Rutland is merely a supplement to the town's public utility company's capacity to produce power.



The new invention has two stainless steel arms—or vanes—and does its work automatically. The ideal wind velocity for it is thirty miles an hour. For the old-fashioned windmill, with its vanes of light wood and sailcloth, fifteen miles an hour was enough. To withstand even moderately high winds its sails were reefed.

The sturdy Vermont model may point the way toward notable achievements.

WIZARDS AT WORK

The late Luther Burbank, renowned for his wizardry in producing new varieties of plants, might well rub his eyes in amazement if, alive again, he could visit a certain farm at Beltsville, Maryland. On that farm is the Research Center of the United States Department of Agriculture—and there a group of scientists is carrying on where Burbank left off.

These experts have been redesigning fruits and plants. To take one example—their work with apples. Fruit growers, it seems, have long suffered losses through apples falling off the trees. Fallen, bruised apples aren't worth much. The Beltsville scientists have discovered certain plant hormones which can be



sprayed on apple trees. These keep the fruit hanging on two weeks longer, so it can all be picked when it's turned the right blushing hue.

Again, tomato growers have long been complaining of two diseases which attack their produce—tomato rust and tomato wilt. The men of the Beltsville farm made some forty thousand experiments—and came through at last with a tomato so hardy it defies both blights. Its great-great-granddaddy was a tough little tomato originally brought from far-away Peru.

Fruits and plants aren't the only living things which have come in for attention. By careful breeding through many generations, the Beltsville experts have thoughtfully produced chickens which are almost all white meat, and another set of chickens almost all dark meat. They are now striving to turn out a super-bee with a not too irascible nature and a longer tongue which, if present plans work out, the insect will be able to stick deep into large flowers and tap honey sources to-day's bee cannot reach.

Also, they're bent on achieving a super-hog. This porker of their dreams will have a disposition so cool, so sweet, that the animal will get fat faster than the average rather jumpy hog—and any farmer will tell you the run-of-the-mill hog has "nerves."

A recent visitor to this startling farm was heard to say, "If only men could be made over like this . . . If only the urge to start wars could be bred out of them."

VERTICAL INVASIONS

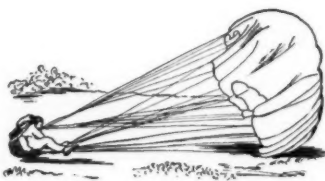
On an October morning in the year 1797, a Frenchman, André Jacques Garnerin, made the first successful parachute descent. He floated down from a balloon a mile above Monceau Park, near Paris.

The parachute has come a long way since that distant autumn morning. Perfected, it saved many balloonists' lives—and later, the lives of many airplane pilots. Until World War I, it was a peacetime device. That war, though, saw spies and saboteurs land by parachute behind enemy lines. Such jumps were one-man experiments. The idea of sending down men in groups originated, we're told, in the mind of an American. During the first World War, General William Mitchell repeatedly but unsuccessfully urged General Pershing to let him try landing thousands of parachutists in Germany.

In 1928 our Air Corps actually did make some tentative mass jumps. In these, men were sent down to earth, ten at a time, from troop-carrying planes. Those experiments were not continued in this country. It was Russia that went on with them—expanded them until her maneuvers saw thousands of troopers floating to earth simultaneously.

In the present war the Germans have brought vertical invasion tactics to full development. When in the spring of 1940 their parachutists captured the Rotterdam airport, the news burst upon a world which realized at last that a new and deadly war technique had arrived. Uncle Sam rubbed his eyes, started organizing an army school to train his own parachute troopers. He opened his new training camp at Fort Benning, Georgia. There our Army, in not much more than a year, has turned out five thousand trained parachutists and is getting ready to "educate" thousands more.

The volunteer preparing for parachute work is put through a toughening process more drastic than that undergone by any football player. Rope climbing, "tumbling," running for miles, jumping from high platforms and from moving motor cars—that's his daily routine. In addition he must master the art of spilling air out of a parachute inflated by the wind—the trick of manipulating the right cords—otherwise he might be dragged and badly injured after landing. Then, too, he packs and repacks his parachute till he can



almost do it in his sleep. A badly packed 'chute will not open.

Such ground instruction is followed by actual jumps. The recruit leaps from planes cruising anywhere from twelve hundred and fifty to fifteen hundred feet above ground, until this is no longer an adventure but mere routine. He's taught how to steer his descending 'chute by tugging at certain cords. He's bound to strike the earth with a jolt, but he's already learned to land with body relaxed and knees slightly bent to absorb shock. His training lasts ten weeks. When it ends, he's a full-fledged member of a battalion—and may be justly proud of himself.



Here's How —to Remember!

Get off to a good start in 1942—with these Girl Scout reminders to back you up.

Resolved—to keep up to date—and you will, with a *Rotating Calendar* to dispel date doubts at a glance. In dull finish victory bronze, it belongs on every desk. 11-670.....50c

An *Autograph Album* for the graduate has tinted, gold-edged sheets in a green leatherette cover. Why not start a guest book this year—this would make a dandy? 11-616.....25c

The *1942 Girl Scout Diary*—a handy book to live by all year—tells of interesting troop doings and gives

useful, every-day data. There's space for notes each day and a section for books read. 20-391.....10c

The *Diary Cover* of green leatherette has a pencil and pocket for loose notes. 20-396.....25c

Of course you'll keep a *Diary* this year—and it's a keen gift for the graduate-to-be. This *One-Year Diary* has a lock and key and a page for each day. The red leatherette cover is gilt-lettered and pages are gilt-edged. 11-697.....\$1.00

If you're going to stick to your budget *this time*, *Budget Sense* is what you'll need. The seven envelopes attached to the cover keep expenses from swallowing each other and there's a pad for notes. 11-750..20c

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GIRL SCOUTS and WAR

When the National Staff of Girl Scouts, Inc.—both from Headquarters and the Field—meeting in Garden City, N. Y. from December 8 to 12 for their annual National Staff Conference, received the news that our country was in a state of war, schedules were immediately changed and Mrs. Paul Rittenhouse, our National Director, asked that all groups consider the new problems that actual war conditions will bring to every community.

A new pamphlet, "Girl Scout Adult Volunteers and Defense," was read and criticized at a special meeting. It outlines the jobs Girl Scout volunteers are trained to do and suggests how their work may be more closely coordinated with the offices of Civilian Defense throughout the country. It will be mailed to all Girl Scout local councils and lone troops at an early date.

ROLLS DEVELOPED

Two Beautiful Double-Weight Professional Enlargements. 8 Never Fade Deckle Edge Prints. 25¢. CENTURY PHOTO SERVICE, La Crosse, Wis.

DOES YOUR HAIR-DO SUIT YOUR FACE?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

IF YOU WEAR GLASSES: Keep your hair off your forehead, if possible. Bangs dripping down to the tops of your glasses only help to emphasize them. Of course, if you can wear the rimless kind of glasses, or those with flesh-colored rims, or with narrow silver or gold rims, your problem is practically solved. People will hardly notice that you have any specs on at all.

IF YOU HAVE A LARGE NOSE: Keep your hair off your forehead and away from your face. If you crowd the edges of your face with hair, your nose will appear even larger in proportion to the amount of face left showing.

On the other hand, if you keep your hair

IF YOU HAVE A SQUARE CHIN — IF YOU HAVE A HIGH FOREHEAD —



keep your hair high off your cheek bones

wear a soft fringe of curly bangs

back and show as much face as possible, your nose takes on a better proportion to your face as a whole.

Beware of arrangements that lie too flat against your head, as they will make your poor nose stand out in greater relief than ever. Sweep your hair back into a large pompadour and reverse rolls over your forehead—and you'll find that your nose is not nearly so prominent. Curls always help to make a large nose seem smaller, but keep the curls large and soft. Tiny, tight curls will only emphasize the size of your nose again. A softly waving, shoulder-length bob will help to offset the size of your nose in the profile view.

IF YOU HAVE A LARGE MOUTH: The same rules for diminishing the apparent size of a large nose also apply to you. You can make your mouth seem smaller by not applying lipstick too heavily, or clear out to the outer edges, as well as by doing your hair to suit—but most of your worries are imagined. Martha Raye and Judy Canova both have large mouths, but they never consider them a handicap. And then you might take a look at Judy Garland and Joan Crawford—they have never fretted over the fact that their mouths are of the generously sized variety. So fix your hair the way it looks best, and forget that mouth.

IF YOU HAVE A LONG, STRINGY NECK: Wear your hair long and fluffy, nearly to your shoulders. Don't cut your back hair off in a shingle, and then wonder

why your head looks so forlorn perched at the top of that long neck. (High collars will also help.)

IF YOU HAVE A SHORT, PLUMP NECK: The short shingle is just the ticket for you. If you prefer your hair long, plait it into a single braid, brush it into one long finger curl, and fasten it with a bow at the nape of your neck; or make several finger curls which can be fastened back with a barrette. Don't wear your collars too high.

THIS ought to take care of your most important problems of hairdressing, though you may find some conflicts if you are trying to solve more than one at once. For instance, you may have a long, thin face, in which case bangs are very good; and you may also wear glasses, in which case bangs are not so good. The best advice on such a knotty problem is to decide which bad point needs your help the most. Upon reconsideration, you may decide that the second bad feature wasn't so bad after all, and may never even be noticed after you have overcome your worst feature.

IF YOU HAVE A WIDOW'S PEAK —



DON'T be afraid to show it — it's a beauty asset

IF YOU WEAR GLASSES —



keep your hair off your brow

IF YOU HAVE A LONG NECK —



wear your hair long and fluffy

Or you might, being clever, work out a compromise hair-do that takes care of both problems. Go ahead and experiment. You'll find it's lots of fun; and when you get your own hair-do worked out, you'll probably be

ready to help your best girl friend solve her problems of hair-styling.

Then, when you have worked out your most becoming hair arrangement, take a tip from the movie stars and brush, brush, brush your hair, night and morning, every day, in order to bring out the real beauty of your hair.

The texture of your hair is even more important to beauty than the style in which it is set. Hair should look vital. It should never look like an uncut crop of dry hay—but neither should it be plastered down to your head in precise, pinched waves, and curls that might be carved out of wood.

No, to be really beautiful, your hair must have its daily brushing to make it soft and shining. Don't be afraid you will brush the waves and curls out. Regular, vigorous brushing improves the tone and elasticity and health of the hair, making it easier to curl, if anything. It also prevents the formation of dandruff, which can be counted on to spoil the effect of the nicest hair arrangement.



GIVE-AWAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

humdinger!" "Who do you suppose it is?" "Looks eight feet high."

"Maybe it's a hold-up man, come in from the street," a little ballet-dancer murmured timorously, clutching her escort's arm. "He looks so different."

The pirate had darted out to claim the totem-pole for the first dance, when a hail from the middle of the floor seemed to settle the question of identity. "Hyah, Old Nick!"

Hearing this outcry, Larry Haskell, dancing with Phyl, squeaked shrilly to the pirate, "Aho, Captain Kidd! Don't you know that's no dame you're pushing around? That's Old Nick Ayres."

"Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum," the pirate chanted defiantly, but when the music ceased he bowed Dilsey to a seat in some haste.

"Dill, you're the hit of the party," Phyl whispered later in passing. "You've got everybody on a string. They all think you're Nick Ayres."

But Dilsey was discovering that her costume had disappointing limitations. Dancing in her magazines was no easy matter. Her skirt was too narrow to permit of any freedom of motion, and she was in constant fear of tearing her stiff paper sheath. And, worst of all, the boys, convinced that she was Nick Ayres, weren't asking her to dance. Her disguise had betrayed her. It was altogether too good. Well, she would play up to her supposed character and choose partners among the girls.

"It'll be all right after we unmask," Meg assured her in the middle of a fox-trot. "Then everybody'll know you, and you won't care if you do tear the thing to pieces."



WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



-FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN-

Excellent

BABES ON BROADWAY. A gay, extravagant musical packed with good will and entertainment in which Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland outdo their own former best performances. In the story Mickey turns producer, and several stirring song and dance numbers result. His impersonation of Carmen Miranda is extremely clever. Virginia Weidler and Ray McDonald are other stellar juveniles in this excellent cast. (MGM)

Good

CORSICAN BROTHERS, THE. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. plays twin brothers in this liberal translation of Dumas' intriguing story of revenge, telepathy, romance, and sword fighting. Glorious adventure for the young of all ages. (U.A.)

GLAMOUR BOY. Jackie Cooper and Susanna Foster make a delightful juvenile team in this amusing story of Hollywood casting difficulties. Cooper plays a child star grown to young manhood, but one less fortunate than Jackie himself, for the boy has failed to make good in grown-up pictures. Finally he is given a chance to coach a new child star (Darryl Hickman) in a remake of one of his own former rôles, *Shippy*. Scenes from this picture are run off with Cooper looking on at his own early make-believe. Darryl thinks the story much beneath his intellectual attainments and balks at playing it. Where does Susanna Foster come in and when does she sing? You see, the studio is making a musical, too. By using this behind-the-scenes technique several threads of plot are kept spinning and many laughs, too, are provided. Very good. (Paramount)

KATHLEEN. Shirley Temple's new picture brings us a delightful Shirley as a teen-age motherless girl whose father (Herbert Marshall) doesn't find time to be friends with her. And if that weren't enough, he thinks he is in love with Gail Patrick. Shirley succeeds in changing his mind when Laraine Day proves a friend. In her loneliness, Shirley visits Felix Bressart, second-hand furniture dealer, and he pretends to believe her story that she is the much loved daughter of poor parents. In addition to the story, there are several engaging dream numbers in which Shirley sings and dances better than ever. Very good. (MGM)

KEEP 'EM FLYING. Pathetic Lou Costello pleads for a chance to help Defense, so he and Bud Abbott are put to work at the Cal-Aero Academy where they manage to get into always laughable situations. Two of the more hilarious high spots feature their first meeting with Martha Raye (who plays twin sisters) and their nonchalance in boarding a plane which unexpectedly leaves the ground. Stirring music and effective flight scenes are a feature. (Universal)

PLAYMATES. Kay Kyser and John Barrymore frolic with Shakespeare, the Bard, coming off on top, however, for the best moment in the film is Barrymore's fragment of Hamlet's soliloquy. (RKO)

PRIME MINISTER, THE. A British-made film biography of Disraeli with John Gielgud as Disraeli and Diana Wynyard as his wife. Of timely historical interest, since it covers such episodes as the acquisition of Cyprus and the Suez Canal, as well as Disraeli's encounter with Bismarck. Excellently acted. (Warners)

RIDERS OF THE TIMBERLINE. The scene of this Hopalong Cassidy (Bill Boyd) Western is a lumber camp which the villains have been molesting in order to put a jinx on the owner and keep his men from finishing a contract on time. To make up for lost days, Hoppy rigs up an overhead pulley to shoot the logs down from the hills. When the villains plant dynamite to blow up the

dam which furnishes power for the pulley, Hoppy climbs on a log about to make the perilous aerial journey to the bottom of the hill and arrives just in time to throw the dynamite in the general direction of the fleeing villains. (Para.)

RISE AND SHINE. A hilarious burlesque on football films in which Jack Oakie as the great halfback, Boley Bolenciewicz, sleeps his way through college and even falls across the goal line in peaceful slumber to save the game. There's an assortment of slightly bawdy characters, all very funny, from Grandpa (Walter Brennan) to Milton Berle, who likes to think he is Seabiscuit. George Murphy and Linda Darnell have the romantic rôles, with Murphy's dance routines for good measure. Based on James Thurber's book *My Life and Hard Times*. (Fox)

SECRETS OF THE WASTELAND. Hopalong Cassidy (Bill Boyd) and his pals assure the continued peace of a group of Chinese settlers who have built a Utopian community. Novel and action-packed Western. (Para.)

TARZAN'S SECRET TREASURE. Johnny Weissmuller has the direct simplicity and physical prowess which make him a convincing inhabitant of a jungle land; Boy (Johnny Sheffield) has the wonderful time any youngster would with a pet elephant and a precocious ape to help him get in and out of adventures; and Jane (Maureen O'Sullivan) is beautiful. The early sequences of home life atop a mountain, inaccessible to any less adept at swinging from trees than the Tarzan family, have imaginative charm. Then the plot begins its fantastic unwinding with more narrow escapes than you can count, with Tarzan coming to the rescue in dramatic fashion. The last sequence features Weissmuller's remarkable under-water swimming whereby he is able to rescue Jane and Boy from a convoy of native boats by upsetting one boatload after another. Entertaining. (MGM)

THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON. The particular merit of this colorful film biography, in which Errol Flynn does a superb job of recreating General Custer, is that it shows its hero not only in his familiar rôle of intrepid soldier, but as the perennial small boy who all his life reveled in gaudy uniforms and was impatient of anything but action. Custer's daring leadership as a young cavalry officer in the Civil War, his romantic love affair and lifelong devotion to his wife (beautifully played by Olivia de Havilland), his building of a spirited, loyal, and teetotaler cavalry regiment out of drunks and drifters on the frontier; his own successful struggle against the drink habit—are all dramatically told in the film. But it is Custer's fair play and fine ethics in dealing with the Indians, as contrasted with the chicanery of politicians and trading companies which exploited them, that are memorable. Although there are many battle scenes, the dash of cavalry charges and the courage of men fighting for their lives are emphasized rather than gore. The photography of these scenes is unusually fine. (Warner)

-FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE-

Excellent

BABES ON BROADWAY

Good

GLAMOUR BOY

KATHLEEN

KEEP 'EM FLYING

PLAYMATES

RIDERS OF THE TIMBERLINE

SECRETS OF THE WASTELAND

For description of the Eight-to-Twelve films look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

Against her mother's advice, Dilsey had worn a pair of new pumps to the dance. At home they had been comfortable, but now they began to bother her. Her feet hurt distressfully, so after her dance with Meg she sought out a secluded bench, half hidden by a drooping length of bunting, and sank down with a sigh of relief.

She had hardly rustled into this retreat, however, before she perceived that she was being followed. And her heart gave a jump as, even before he spoke, she recognized her pursuer. It was Paul Guthrie.

Paul was a stunning figure that evening, the handsomest person in the room by far, with the possible exception of Phyl in her brocade. His broad shoulders and fine carriage showed off to excellent advantage a gorgeously embroidered mandarin coat, and his Chinese pig-tail hung below a black satin hat topped with a coral button. But the costume was just the opposite of a disguise, for Dilsey remembered that his parents had spent several years in the Orient.

She moved over to allow him to sit beside her, thinking he must have discovered her identity in some way, and was taking this opportunity to apologize. But he settled himself rather more confidently than she had expected from one who had offended so recently.

"Hello, Nick," he said, stretching out his long legs comfortably, "this you? This is Paul."

Dilsey didn't even nod. She stared intently at Paul behind her mask. He didn't seem to be paying much attention, his gaze fixed on the dancers. "Nice party, eh? But I'm not finding it so hot. Got something on my mind."

Temptation overcame Dilsey. She knew she ought not to let him go on, but she *must* know what it was that Paul Guthrie had on his mind. So she sat still and said nothing.

Paul heaved a sigh, his eyes still on the dancers. "Yep, she's through with me all right," he said. "You know, Dilsey Mercer."

Dilsey drew a sharp breath. Paul went on, "She's a great kid, jolliest girl in town. All the fellows like her—you know that, Nick. They eat out of her hand, she's such a good sport."

Suddenly he faced around and looked his companion in the eye. "And I know when

it happened—last Friday in English class when she was reading her essay. She's a smart kid, and it was a good essay—far and away the best, I thought. You know, all about love. I didn't get the hang of the whole of it, but I got enough to know it was a fine thing. She's not only good fun, you know—she's deep. She *thinks* about these things."

With a new dignity Dilsey straightened up. This was worth hearing—so gratifying, in fact, that it fairly made her eyes water. The kind of thing any girl would like to hear about herself.

Paul wandered on. "As luck would have it—my rotten luck!—who should toddle in at the beginning of class but old Pop Bascom. He used to teach English here about a lifetime ago, didn't he? He sat down right across the aisle. We two were the only ones on the back row."

He raised his head alertly and interrupted himself to indicate among the dancers a tall Maud Muller with a hay-rake. "I've been watching that one all the evening. That's Dill, sure as shooting." There was a ring of excitement in his voice.

"Where was I? Oh, yes. Well, the room was getting pretty hot, and the old gentleman commenced to nod. I kept my eye on him, for fear he'd take a header into the aisle. And all of a sudden he did the next thing to it. He gave a lurch forward and—believe it or not, Nick—he spit out his false teeth. I'm not kidding you, he did. That old fellow could make his fortune in the circus as an acrobat. He swooped down, with both hands like a pair of crabs' claws, and caught his teeth one inch above the floor. Now I ask you, Nick, wouldn't anybody have laughed?"

A spasm of suppressed mirth agitated his companion. Within her crackling magazines, Dilsey shook till she felt in danger of splitting up the back like a bean-pod.

Paul seemed gratified. "Dill thought I was making fun of her. Of course she did. And now—is she down on me! After school she walked right by me, cut me dead. She hasn't got that red hair for nothing. I'd like to explain, but she's so mad that I haven't the grit."

As he spoke, his absent gaze shifted to a particularly brilliant magazine cover on Dilsey's knee. "So I—" he began. And stopped.

He raised his eyes, taking in Dilsey's costume from mask to skirt-hem with a suspicious glance. "So I—this is you, Nick, isn't it?" Receiving no reply, he cried out in sudden panic, "Oh, gosh, Dill! Oh, mi-gosh!"

Warm-hearted generosity, always a dominant characteristic of Dilsey's nature, instantly overcame her intention to keep silent. Her voice bubbled out in a rush of words to relieve the boy's confusion. "Oh, Paul, I feel so mean. It is me—but I just couldn't help listening. I know it was yellow to let you go ahead, thinking I was Nick and all. But, really, aren't you glad I did? Because now everything's all right, and I'm terribly sorry I was hateful to you in school. I always go off half cocked like that when I get mad. Of course you laughed. Anybody would. But I sure did believe you thought my essay was silly."

Dilsey's confession restored Paul's self-confidence. "Silly nothing!" he assured her, getting to his feet. "I only wish I had your bean. Well, that's that. They're all unmasking. Come on, don't let's miss this dance." He twitched off his own mask, and helped his companion with hers. It was quite an operation, for the mask was tacked fast at the lower edge and they had to tear it. "Don't squander that music."

But Dilsey pulled back as he reached for her elbow. "Wait a second, Paul. I want to get one thing cleared up. How did you know me just now—right off like that? Nobody else has. I'm the great Martinstown Mystery."

Paul grinned at her. "It's your get-up. That contraption's good from a distance, but in a close-up it's a dead giveaway. Look here!" He laid a finger on her sleeve—on an innocent-looking little pink paster heretofore unnoticed—and read aloud, "*Miss Dilsey Mercer, Martinstown, New Jersey.*" Why, Dill, you're covered with 'em. There's one on every magazine. You've got your name and address typed all over you—twenty-five times at least."

Dilsey bent her head, to scan in wonder the length of her costume. "Well, for the love of Mary Ann! Wouldn't you know I would do a thing like that!" she sighed. "It would take an idiot like me, to go to a masquerade all covered with labels."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

careful not to push too fast, even though she knew she could have intercepted Vix in another five minutes. Still, one group was the fox and the other was the hounds, and she was with the hounds and one of a group. But she was on a knoll, resting on her ski poles, when Vix and the two boys went into the rest cabin under the overhang. Even from there she could see Ed rubbing his hand across his eyes recurrently, as though they hurt—and Vix's face, vivid with sunburn.

"But they've done all this before," Karen repeated to herself, stubbornly.

She was standing there on the knoll, looking down at her struggling companions, when she heard the first—was it a whisper, a premonition, a change in the air current?

"*Avalanche!*" she screamed, but it was only a handful of rocks tumbling down the overhang and bouncing to the drop below.

"Don't scare me like that," Gilbert said, drawing abreast. They pushed on together to the cabin, and Karen scolded herself sharply for being a coward.

Nancy was too tired to do anything but

CONTROL

stretch out on one of the cots in the cabin. Ed was already prone on one, his hand shielding his snow-hurt eyes, and Tim was sitting on the floor, his back against the wall. Vix was the only one who looked triumphant.

"Well," she said, "I guess you didn't go around the hotel three times to-day! And we won. What's the matter, Karen? What is it?"

It was the same sound again—a whisper, a premonition, a change in the air—Karen couldn't say. And there wasn't time to say anything. The whisper changed to a roar, a crescendo of sound appalling in its force. Somebody screamed, and Nancy caught hold of Karen and shook her, but her voice couldn't be heard above that thunder.

As quickly as it began, it was over.

"Is that all?" Gilbert asked shakily, but no one could answer him. They could only stand there, looking up at the ceiling, recalling that the cabin was sheltered by the overhang, wondering how long the overhang would hold to protect them.

Nancy shook Karen again. "What are you standing there for?" she cried. "I want to

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

get out of here." She was close to hysteria. Karen looked at the others. Ed was moaning now with the pain of snow blindness. Tim's face was white. They were all scared, and they were all looking at her.

"We can't get out," Gilbert said, at the door. "The trail's blocked."

"We've got to get out," Karen answered him, and the sound of her voice steadied her. After all, if everybody got scared they'd all be useless—and she could perhaps push her way through the barrier of fallen rocks and snow in front of the cabin. "Ed's going to get worse before he gets better. Vix is going on her nerve now—she's done up. And Nancy will be hysterical by morning if something isn't done."

"To relieve the pressure," she might have added. That was it. That was what she felt inside the cabin—pressure. And it was up to her to release it. She was the only one with strength to go back now, at once, to get help.

"Come on," she said to Gil, her voice quiet and steady, "help me move enough of this stuff so I can get out."

She showed him how to work fast and carefully with fallen rock, and when the hole was big enough at last for her to get through, she turned again to speak to him.

"Listen," she said, "it's going to seem a long time before help can get here. You tell them stories, or sing songs, or do tricks—anything to keep their minds occupied. I'll make it as fast as I can."

Gil gave her hand a tight squeeze. "Believe me," he said, "you're an advertisement for learning a thing before you start playing with it. The rest of us are plenty dumb. Good luck!"

Good luck! The sun was gone, and there was a soft, purplish twilight on the snow. Karen hadn't told anyone, not even Gil, the fear in her heart—that the avalanche might have started others which would block the trail down below. She was aware of the possibility, however, and as she started down, watching the deepening shadows, going as fast as she dared, she kept looking ahead. Even so, the wall she came to was a surprise. She made her careful way around a face of rock, using her ski poles for balance, and there was a huge heap of debris—ice and snow and rock.

Rubbing one mittened hand against her numbing cheek, she looked at the evidence she had feared to find, that other avalanches had been started by the big one. She was standing on a wide ledge, and looking down, she could see the lights of the hotel in the deepened purple of the bowl. Her eyes came back to the pile in front of her. And turned down again, to the bowl.

What was the twist Laepar had used that morning? He had started swiftly, relentlessly, but he had had control to sway wide, and there had been speed left to go on. If Laepar were here now he would use that swing. And if Karen were going to get help back to the waiting cabin she must use it, too. But what if her strength weren't great enough? What

if she lost control, and went down, down, down to the bowl itself—so snug and cheerful down below? What if—

She could have stayed there all night mentioning *what-ifs* to herself. Instead she stooped to check her ski straps.

"Gran," she said softly aloud, "you were right, you know. No matter if I don't come out of this, you were right. It's no fun playing a game when you don't know how. You have to learn the rules first, and the limits. You have to get strength and control."

Good luck, Gil had said.

Karen straightened, steadied herself on her ski poles, and started forward on the ledge, gathering speed, willing herself to that rhythm of action she had felt so many times before. She left the ledge, her skis clinging to the savage slope below, and her heart was marking time. Now, it said, *now!*

She couldn't explain it afterward, even to Gran. She had made the turn. At least she had made a turn. Not the Laepar twist, because she knew now that took skill she didn't possess. But she had had the strength and the control to win out on the swing she had used, and abruptly there had been a straight descent to the bowl, and she had gone down it, the wind howling past her ears. At the bottom she nearly knocked down one of the men starting out to search for her party.

"They're up in the cabin, under the overhang," she found breath to say before Gran came to help her into the hotel.

Laepar was there, standing near the desk, and he looked up quickly when she came in. He was dressed for the trail. Another five minutes and he would be out there, too, leading the rescue party.

Karen felt relief at seeing him. She knew that his sagacity and skill spelled sure rescue for her friends. She went straight across the lobby to him. "Mr. Laepar," she said, and her voice was very small, "I've thrown away a day, but could I have a lesson to-morrow?"

LOFTY, SOUND DEFECTS MAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

in the auditorium, and Bushy crouched beside it in the deserted dimness behind the scenes, to open the parcel with eager care.

The sound effects were all that her fondest imagination had conceived. To her incredulous delight, the *Wails* and *Mumbings* were on the back of the howling cat record, and she rapidly played them both over and over.

A light was suddenly switched on in the auditorium, and the scandalized voice of the janitor was heard, saying, "Scat now, will ye? Scat! Hivently saints above, where at all is the crather now?"

Bushy could not resist turning on the *Mumbings*, and poor Dan O'Brien gulped once or twice before he shouted, "Whatever is goin' on, in back there? Come out, the lot of yez, till I report yez for tormintin' that poor cat, and makin' a rough-housin' place out av the auditorium."

No one came out, so Dan poked his head cautiously through the curtain—and discovered Bushy shutting off the phonograph. He was as much amused as she had hoped he would be when he found out what was happening, and he was enchanted when she played him the whole repertoire.

"Well, listen to that now, will yez?" he grinned. "Sure there's no difference between that and a little dog at all! And hark at the

wind, now—it's enough to set me owld bones knockin' together like a pair o' castanets."

In upon this appreciative scene burst Lofty, who had come over with Roy to see something about the lights. He was outraged that his sister had dared to try out the records before he even knew they had arrived—but she argued that, as prompter *pro tem*, she was a member of the Dramatic Association and had a right to hear them.

"Utterly phony reasoning," he said. "And you may consider any connection you thought you had with the Dramatic Association as non-existent from now on."

"You mean I can't help?" Bushy cried. "You know perfectly well that Loretta Wentworth is no more good as prompter than a melted gum-drop!"

"Jim Neale is quite able to hold the book as well as direct," Lofty observed acidly. "And, for the final rehearsals, we intend to ask a member of the faculty."

"Margie told me I could make myself useful," Bushy insisted, "and unless she says something to the contrary, I intend to."

"Make yourself scarce," Lofty advised.

Her brother's admonitions, as usual, had not the slightest effect on Bushy. She seized every opportunity to visit the auditorium, in and out of season, and she played the records until she could almost hear them in her sleep. They delighted her—the moaning wind, the

(Continued on page 43)

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GOOD TIMES *with* BOOKS



by

MARJORIE CINTA



A drawing by
Willfred Jones
from "Spice
Ho!" (Knopf)

RECENT biographies for young people have been so enticing, the reader is tempted to pass up fiction in favor of true stories. A distinguished contribution to this field is *Young Edgar Allen Poe* by Laura Benét (Dodd, \$2.50). Laura Benét, sister of Stephen Vincent Benét and William Rose Benét, is also a poet—and with a poet's sympathetic imagination, she describes the boyhood and young manhood of this brilliant, harassed genius. Miss Benét has kept to established fact in her tale of young Poe, but the facts are so unusual and the contrasts so dramatic that the result is an absorbing story which reads like fiction.

At the death of his actress mother, when he was three, Edgar Poe was adopted by the wealthy Allens of Richmond. During his early years the handsome, gifted child was made much of by everyone. His Scotch foster father was generous with the boy and delighted in displaying his "son's" talents and charm. The Negro servants adored their young master and often smuggled him to their cabins where he was fascinated by their weird tales. Frances Allen loved him as a cherished only son, with a devotion which, in her case, never wavered to the day of her death. Every luxury, including the best of schooling at home and abroad, was given him. But gradually Mr. Allen, as he became older, began to change in his attitude toward the boy, and finally Edgar was shipped off to the University of Virginia with insufficient funds. Desperate and proud, the seventeen-year-old youth resorted to gambling to meet his expenses—with the usual results. Mr. Allen refused to pay his debts, made no effort to help him find work, and at last, in a rage, ordered him out of the house. Friendless and penniless, Edgar Poe turned to his real father's relatives. He was welcomed and lovingly cared for by his aunt, though she and her household were in dire financial straits. Dogged by poverty, worry, and ill-health, the young man tried one expedient after another. With it all he never lost his courage, nor his faith in himself. The book leaves him in a sort of meager comfort, acquired entirely through his writings (his original manuscripts were to be priceless in years to come), happily married, and tenderly cared for by his young wife, Virginia, and her mother, his faithful Aunt Maria Clemm.

Another story of a poet, told by a poet, is *The Shoemaker's Son: The Life of Hans Christian Andersen* by Constance Buel Burnett (Random House, \$2.50). Unlike Laura Benét, Mrs. Burnett has no books of poems to her credit, but her sensitive interpretation of the Danish poet and teller of fairy tales bespeaks the poet's mind. The

two men brought to life by these authors had one thing in common, too—a sure and abiding faith in their own greatness, without which they could never have surmounted the cruel discouragements and bitter struggle of their lot. There the resemblance ends—for gentle, physically ugly Hans Christian Andersen was the son of humble parents, and though he knew great love in his early childhood he knew great poverty, also. When the boy was fourteen he left Odense, his birthplace, to make his fortune in Copenhagen. After a year or two of desperate struggle to earn a living, Andersen attracted the attention of Jonas Collin, State Councilor, through whose efforts he was given an education at the expense of the State. This was a great opportunity for the penniless lad—but great, also, was the anguish he suffered at the hands of an ill-natured bully of a headmaster. After the horror of his school days was over, little by little Andersen began to come into his own, and long before his death his fairy tales had earned him world-wide acclaim. A pension was granted to him by the State which, with his earnings, enabled him to live in modest comfort and to indulge his passion for travel. With confidence and poise painfully acquired, he was on intimate terms with the royal and great at home and abroad. But it is sad that this man, whose immortal tales for children are known the world around, should never have had the happiness of a home and children of his own. (Readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* will remember the beautiful story of Andersen's love for Riborg Voigt, as told by Mrs. Burnett in the February 1941 issue of the magazine.)

Many people have never known that Charleston, South Carolina had a Tea Party, more subtle than Boston's—and to many of us Francis Marion, "Swamp Fox," is only a legendary name. Sidney W. Dean tells the almost incredible story of this gallant Southern hero in *"Knight of the Revolution"* (Macrae Smith, \$2.50). Descendant of Huguenots who fled France in order to worship God in their own way; trained by his mother in ideals of knightly gallantry and love and service for his country; expert marksman familiar with the Carolina swamps, creeks, and woodlands through his boyhood explorations and hunting expeditions; by the glamour of his personality able to inspire blind devotion in his followers—Francis Marion was well suited to wage the sort of guerrilla warfare a realistic estimate of the colonial situation demanded. The opportunity which this fine biography, based on recently available facts, affords the reader to become acquainted with one of the heroes who helped to forge this

nation, and to realize the passion for liberty which actuated him, is especially valuable in these days when our country is beset by alien ideas of government. Mr. Dean quotes a young British lieutenant, sent to arrange with Marion for an exchange of prisoners, as saying to his commanding officer on his return, "Sir, I have seen an American general and his officers serving without pay, almost without clothes, living on roots and drinking swamp water—all for what they call liberty and freedom. What chance have we against such men!"

If Mrs. Coblenz's *Prester John* in this issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* has aroused your interest in the early search for gold and spices which changed the history of the world, you will want to read *Spice Ho! A Story of Discovery* by Agnes Danforth Hewes (Knopf, \$1.75). Simply, because the material is in itself so dramatic, Miss Hewes tells the story of the mad rivalry of the nations in their efforts to find and control the routes to the spice lands, including the farseeing preparations of Prince Henry of Portugal, the Great Navigator, the daring voyages of Vasco da Gama, Ferdinand Magellan, and Cornelis de Houtman, and the bitter rivalry between the Portuguese, Dutch, and English. For, beginning with Venice in the days of the Doges down to our own New England after the Revolution, each nation which controlled the spice market waxed wealthy and great, entering into a golden age of art and literature that lived long after the vast revenues from spice and its romantic story had been forgotten. Man's sense of high adventure, his courage, and his capacity to endure hardship enter into this story, but man's cruelty and inhumanity in the treatment of the natives of the spice islands are part of it, too.

Elizabeth Curtis and Florence Choate (well known to readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*) have written and illustrated a new book, *The Crimson Shawl*, which, like Gertrude Crownfield's *Angelique*, reviewed in the November issue of the magazine, tells of the exiled Acadians. This, however, is not the story of a lost loved one, as in *Evangeline* and *Angelique*, but rather a tale of the way in which the Acadians (at first despised and dis-



A drawing from "The Crimson Shawl" by Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis (Stokes)

trusted as paupers, foreigners, and enemies) gradually won a place in the life of the towns to which they were sent. Mary Landrey, daughter of a French family quartered in Ipswich, was to be bound out for four years of service to a disagreeable master, when kind Squire Cogswell came to her rescue by taking her into his own household. But all the members of the Squire's family were not so kind as he. Susan, his daughter, made no secret of her dislike of one whom she considered an intruder. Finally, however, the spirited Mary's pride and courage caused the townspeople to realize the true character and worth of the French refugees. The authors have recreated the French and Indian War days in New England in an entertaining tale.

Alice Crew Gall tells the magnificent story of the American Red Cross in her book *In Peace and War: A Story of Human Service* (Crowell, \$2). When Henry Dunant, a young Swiss business man on a holiday in Italy in 1859, witnessed the aftermath of the bloody battle of Solferino and dreamed of a society which would prepare in times of peace to care for the wounded in times of war, he could have had no idea of the vast scope of the organization his dream was to bring to life. A committee of energetic men in Switzerland, inspired by Dunant's book, *A Memory of Solferino*, promoted treaties among governments, pledging themselves to allow soldiers and prisoners to be taken care of without respect to nationality or politics; and Clara Barton, an American woman recuperating in Switzerland at that time from the effects of her heroic service on Civil War battlefields, carried on a long and valiant fight to have the United States join in this work of mercy. Her ultimate success resulted in the founding of the American Red Cross, to serve not only in times of war, but also in disasters in times of peace. Mrs. Gall tells an inspiring story of Red Cross service in war and in disaster at home and abroad, since its founding up to the second year of the present war.



A drawing by Helen Finger from "Cabin on Kettle Creek" (Lippincott)

There were no luxuries and everybody worked hard in the Tennessee cabin which figures in *Cabin on Kettle Creek* (Lippincott, \$2), by May Justus. Nevertheless Glory and Matt Allison, to whom the cabin was home, enjoyed with zest the simple pleasures that came their way. From the day Matt and Glory went to the new "outlander" teacher's school, to the day on which they spoke their last piece and sang their last song at school, May Justus (whose story, *Music Hath Charms*, readers of this magazine will remember) tells the story of the round of work and play of these children of the mountains. Although the fare in the mountain cabins was sometimes scant and monotonous, there were feasts to make your mouth water, too, such as the Thanksgiving "pounding" when

everyone brought a pound gift for the circuit rider. There was the day Glory and Matt had a joyous visit to the town of Far Beyant and tasted ice cream for the first time; there was a "play" party with folk songs and folk games—and somehow Matt managed to get "boughten" shoes and Glory a "wish book" dress for the last day of school. The picturesque mountain speech adds to the charm of this story.

Spin, Weave, and Wear: The Story of Cloth by Phyllis Ann Carter (McBride, \$1.75) tells the history of cloth from the day some prehistoric man or woman twisted a fiber of flax, thereby discovering the first step in the making of fabric, to the powerful modern machinery which turns out millions of yards of cloth to be made into clothes, worn not only for comfort and protection, but also for beauty and luxury. The various processes of making wool, linen, cotton, silk, and rayon cloths are described in detail from the raising of the raw materials to the winding of the finished products on the



A drawing by Kathleen Voute from "Spin, Weave, and Wear"

bolts. Various types of weaving, color printing, dyeing, and different finishing processes are explained; and the ever absorbing subject of designing, manufacturing, and merchandising clothes for men and women has a chapter to itself. That cloth has played no small part in our civilization is clearly shown by the story of the people who have made it. Miss Carter includes their history, too, from the first primitive weavers, making clothes for their own use, through the development of guilds, factories, sweat shops, unions, and the N.R.A., to the present day. Girls interested in dress designing as a vocation—and Girl Scouts working on weaving, clothing, and needlewoman badges—will want to read this book. It is recommended by Mrs. Chester Marsh, Arts and Crafts Adviser of Girl Scouts, Inc.

In *Jess* by T. Morris Longstreth (Westminster Press, \$2), Jessie Randall of Maine Point yearned for the sort of publicity that comes to those who are invited to appear on Gabriel Heatter's "We, the People" program—and her ambition was to stump Mr. Kieran of "Information Please." Goaded by her father's statement that no woman could keep a diary, Jess began forthwith—honestly and with no attempt to white-wash or glorify herself—to set down the daily record of the happenings in Maine Point, her impressions of the people around her, and her own thoughts and feelings. A wise and understanding father, a true friend in Bill Wolverton of the wealthy summer colony, and a kind of daily spiritual growth through her diary finally brought Jess a realization of the shallowness of the kind of fame she had been

seeking—and, unexpectedly, an opportunity to make her family and friends truly proud of her.

"Sue Barton" enthusiasts will welcome a new heroine by Helen Dore Boylston in the person of attractive Carol Page of *Carol Goes Backstage*, an Atlantic Monthly Press Publication (Little Brown, \$2). A successful interpretation of the leading part in a high school play, a chance encounter with a famous actress, and a backstage call determine Carol's choice of a career. She and Julia Gregg, a stage-struck chum, join an apprentice group in a repertory theatre in New York. Besides classes in diction, dancing, and other phases of dramatic technique, the students watch the company's rehearsals, appear in walk-on parts, and become part of the life backstage of a real New York theatre. At first Carol finds criticism hard to take and Mike Horodinsky (formerly of the Cleaners and Dyers Union), director of student productions, thoroughly detestable. She and Mike bury the hatchet, however, in the common bond of the theatre when the students are called upon to save their big production by pluck and ingenuity. Readers will enjoy sharing Carol's adventures as she grows up in the theatre.

Monticello Scrapbook (M. S. Mill, \$1) is a slim volume by Betty Elise Davis, made up of short stories of the children and grandchildren of Thomas Jefferson. The relationship between the great man and the young members of his family was a singularly delightful one, as these tales demonstrate. You will enjoy the correspondence between Jefferson and his daughters, especially the brief notes of seven-year-old Polly—who proved her close relationship to the author of the Declaration of Independence by her stand when her father wished her to join him in Paris. The story of the Christmas homecoming of Jefferson and his daughters after five years in Paris; Jack Jouett's dramatic ride to warn Jefferson of the approach of the British (told by Catherine Cate Coblenz in *THE AMERICAN GIRL in The Swiftest Nag in Albemarle*); the tale of granddaughter Ellen's wedding-present desks; the description of Monticello; and the story of the Natural Bridge are especially interesting. The whole gives an intimate picture of the family life of a great President in the beautiful surroundings of Monticello.

The many readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* who wrote to thank us for publishing the article, *Are You Interested in Home Economics?* by May B. Van Arsdale and Mary Rebecca Lingenfelter will be glad to know of a new book, *Our Candy Recipes and Other Confections* (Barrows, \$2) by May B. Van Arsdale, Emeritus Professor of Household Arts at Teachers College, Columbia, and her associate instructor, Ruth Parrish Casa. The entire subject of candy making, other confections, refrigerator ice creams, and hundreds of carefully tested recipes make up this attractive book which does not call for elaborate equipment or skilled technique for good results. Although written by specialists and accurate enough for the woman who wants to go into the candy business, the recipes are simple enough for the girl who wants only the fun of making a pan of candy. For special occasions, for Christmas gifts, for the bonbon dish on the tea table, for the box to send to army camps or boarding school, this volume is full of helpful instructions.

YOUR WARDROBE

Be prepared to look pretty and smart for all occasions, from a morning's rough-and-tumble skiing to evening's formal dancing



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Fifteen cents each—except 779 which is twenty-five cents.



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779—Two-piece party dress. Size 16 (34), requires 4 3/8 yds. 35-inch fabric; blouse, 1 1/2 yds. 39-inch fabric.

These Hollywood Patterns, especially selected for readers of this magazine, may be purchased through THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th Street, New York, N. Y. Be sure to state size when ordering.

LOFTY, SOUND DEFECTS MAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

train whistling in the distance, the shudderingly howling cat. She took them unadulterated—straight doses of Sound Effects—and she got a tremendous thrill out of them.

She almost hated to hear them being fitted into their places in the play. Lofty, of course, took full charge of this—unaware that his sister was more familiar with the records, by now, than any one connected with the Dramatic Association. He was very particular about the exact placing of the phonograph; the precise order in which the records were arranged.

Rehearsals went merrily forward. Margie paused before a line about the cat, and somebody, through force of habit, said "Meow."

"Just a moment," cried Lofty. "Just a moment! I have the real article here." He lowered the needle tentatively, and a train whistled hoarsely in the distance.

"No, no," cried Bushy, emerging from behind a wing, "not that record!"

There was considerable confusion and hilarity among the cast, and Jim Neale said, "Hey, Lofty, that won't do in the performance, you know."

"Certainly not, certainly not," Lofty agreed pompously. "I have to rehearse with this stuff, as well as you."

"See that you do," Jim advised. "We're not out to turn this into a farce."

LOFTY, neglecting his homework, spent an evening labeling the records. The face of each contained several different effects, separated by a narrow blank strip over which the needle would not pass. He made a list of the exact order of sounds on each record, and pinned it beside his mirror in order to memorize it.

"Anybody would think you had the lead in the play," said Bushy.

"You don't realize, perhaps," Lofty told her, "the importance of being absolutely sure of these things. It would be fatal to produce the wrong effect—fatal!"

"Dog Barking, Baby Crying—first side of first record," Bushy recited. "Wind, Thunder—other side. Howling Cat, Galloping Horse, first side of second—"

Lofty stared at her. "Just how did you become so familiar with the subject?" he demanded pointedly.

Bushy decided it was wiser to offer him the doughnut she had been hoarding for herself, than to answer his question.

Everything went swimmingly at the subsequent rehearsals. Bushy, who still managed to hang about, was enchanted by the reality of the various sound effects as they howled, cried, moaned, barked, and whistled at the proper times. And she secretly admired Margorie Olmsted, whose portrayal of the tragic heroine was really good. Margie, moreover, still insisted that Bushy make herself useful—which she did, by handing stray props, running with messages, waving to Roy Bennett when the spotlight should go on, poking Loretta when prompting was needed, and conducting herself generally in such a way that Dot Larcom laughingly said her name ought to go on the program.

It didn't, but Lofty's did—and how! He picked up a program, wet from the school press, on the night of the performance. Dick Howard had just managed to get them out in time, and no one had seen a proof. Lofty choked and rushed over to Jim Neale, holding out the sheet in a shaking hand. "Look!

Look!" he squeaked. "See what that incomparable dimwit, Howard, has done!"

Jim blanched and reached for the paper. "Good heavens—what?" he gasped. The nervous spasms attending *The Night Itself* were afflicting the entire cast.

Lofty placed a trembling finger on the last part of the program, where the stage crew was listed. EDWARD LOFTING RYDER—SOUND DEFECTS was the form in which Dick had hastily set up Lofty's title.

Jim burst out laughing. "No worse than that?" he chuckled. "Gosh, I was afraid the whole thing was pi."

"What could be worse?" quavered Lofty. "I'll never hear the end of this."

"Oh, forget it," snapped Jim. "Get busy with your stuff. Curtain in five minutes, now."

THE first act got off to a brave start. The audience was hushed and appreciative. The players, as is usual, were far better than the dress rehearsal had promised. Dot Larcom pushed her hair off her hot forehead and heaved a sigh of relief. Lofty's hands still shaking with wounded pride, sorted and re-stacked his records for the thirteenth time, and piled them neatly on the floor in the limited space beside the machine.

"I thought I heard the baby crying," said Margie, on the stage. "I must go to him—I must go to him!"

In the tense pause that ensued, a dog barked loudly off stage, then there was a muffled exclamation, followed by a whizzing and scratching sound. Bushy leaped to Lofty's side; he was desperately trying to get the needle into the proper section. A wave of laughter swept the audience. Jim Neale bit his lip, and Dot Larcom stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth to muffle what was very nearly a sob.

The merriment of the audience almost, but not quite, drowned out a sudden hideous, crunching crash. Lofty, completely unnerved, had dropped the record in his hands and then stepped backward into the pile on the floor. The Sound Effect discs lay in an undistinguishable mass of splintered fragments. Dot Larcom let the sob have its way, and Jim Neale started towards Lofty with murder definitely in his eye.

On the stage, the hero was quick-wittedly giving Margie some cover-up lines. "I don't think you could have heard the baby. All that racket out in the street—how could you, Violet?"

And then the baby *did* cry—most pitifully and convincingly. Margie, the color flooding back into her face under her wan make-up, picked up her cue, and the first act resumed its intended way.

Backstage, Dot Larcom was pounding Bushy's shoulder. "Oh, that was grand," she whispered. "Can you do it again? Can you keep it up?"

Bushy nodded. She had played the precious records until their shades of sound were part of her. She could hear them in her soul. With tears in her eyes as she thought of their untimely destruction, she murmured to Dot, "Roy Bennett can bark—I've heard him. Get him to do the dog. He can run the lights, too. I'll take care of the other stuff."

"Do you know the cues?" Jim hissed.

Bushy nodded again. They all brushed Lofty aside as if he were one of the broken shards littering the floor. He was picking

them up feebly and placing them beside the silent phonograph.

The interval between the first and second acts gave every one a chance to survey the situation.

"This is terrible," moaned Lofty. "Bushy can't possibly whistle like a train."

"Can you, Bushy?" Jim asked anxiously.

"Come out the back exit," said Bushy hurriedly. "I've got to try."

She and Jim retreated quickly to the cold and starlit courtyard behind the auditorium wing, and, shivering, Bushy produced a simultaneous moan and whistle.

"Perfect!" said Jim. "Magnificent! Now the cat!"

The cat was superb. Jim said it sent shudders down his spine.

"That's from this temperature, not the kitty," Bushy told him.

Jim shook his head. "Nope. It's a horrible cat," he insisted, "better than the one on the record. I'll never forget this, Bushy, never."

Bushy felt that she never would, either. "Curtain in three minutes," reminded Jim. "Get along in—and bless you, my child."

Bushy got along, and, shivering with apprehension, she duly howled, cried, and whistled, as needed, not to speak of rhythmically slapping her bare knees to simulate distant hoofbeats. The tenseness backstage was only equalled by that of the audience, which had forgotten the comic moment in the first act and was now enthralled by the melodramatic tragedy unfolding before it. Roy Bennett, his hand on the border-switch, barked most adequately when poked by Bushy, and the third act swept on to its heartbreaking climax.

Bushy wondered if she could live through it all. She never fathomed what rare insight caused Lofty to bring her a chocolate éclair—nor could she imagine where he had procured it. A lonely and soul-searching stroll to the corner drugstore had borne fruit in his offering—but his sister could not avail herself of it at the moment when he produced it.

"I still have to do the last cat," she whispered, "and it's the worst. Wait till afterward." Bushy had never been known to spurn food, at whatever time proffered. Her refusal was a measure of the strain under which she found herself.

The last cat was truly hideous. There was an unearthly cadence to its final screech which no record could have reproduced. "Like Edgar Allen Poe at his worst," said the audience, clapping madly.

The curtain calls were prolonged and enthusiastic. The cast, singly and as a whole; Margie in her tragic make-up, bowing mournfully; Margie with the blue circles wiped from under her eyes, laughing and holding up the sheaf of roses that had been handed over the footlights. Then, because it was a school audience, the clapping and stamping went on until the production personnel put in an appearance. Jim and Dot, hand in hand, apologetic and laughing in their dusty old backstage clothes; the stage crew; and Roy, a fuse in his hand and a grin on his face.

"Sound Effects!" shouted the audience. "Lofty Ryder! Lofty Ryder! Sound Effects!"

No one appeared, and the stamping grew louder. Behind the scenes, Margie and Dot were tussling with Bushy.

"Ridiculous! Of course you've got to go out!" (Continued on page 45)



A penny for your thoughts



AN EXCITING DAY

SOUTH ORLEANS, MASSACHUSETTS: I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* only for a short time, but I have enjoyed it very much because it has helpful hints about clothes and other things that girls are interested in.

Midge is my favorite character, but Yes-We-Can Janey is such a regular girl, one just can't help liking her. These, and all the other stories and articles, explain the wild dash my girl friend and I make on the day our magazine comes. And now that we have both joined a Girl Scout troop, our *AMERICAN GIRL* will be even more helpful and interesting.

This year I am in the seventh grade. I am eleven years old and books and music are my favorite pastimes. Our town is typical Cape Cod, a well-liked summer resort to which I have been coming since a baby, but which is now our family's year-round home. My mother has told me about the exciting day, during the first World War, when a German submarine was sighted near Nauset Beach, which is now my favorite swimming beach. We hope we'll never see one rearing its ugly head while we're swimming there!

Pixie Ranger

AIR HOSTESS PREFERRED

YORK, PENNSYLVANIA: I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for only three months—which isn't very long, but it seems as though I have been taking it for years. The magazine is a very useful friend to me, and I have learned many things from it that I never knew before.

I am eleven years old and a beginner at the Edgar Thomas Smith Junior High School.

My ambition is to be an airplane hostess, but I am tall—though I hope not too tall when I grow older.

My favorite stories are *Sky Rabbits Unlimited* and *Your Loving Sister, Patricia Downing*. Would you please put in a story of an air hostess's job?

Yvonne Schauer

GOODY-GOODIES ARE OUT— BUT DEFINITELY!

ARDMORE, PENNSYLVANIA: Where are Dilsey and Bushy and Lofty? They haven't been in recently. Please put them in soon. And how about less articles and more (up-to-date) stories? I like the characters in the stories because they are not goody-goodies—they are regular American girls.

In the article line-up, how about more

about popular movie stars, and an article on air hostesses, and another on reporters?

I am twelve years old, in the seventh grade at Haverford High School, and I have been just recently admitted to Girl Scout Troop 167 of Ardmore, Pennsylvania. My hobbies are many, some of which are collecting picture post cards (which are mostly ones from California which my grandmother sends to me); collecting sea shells; designing clothes (on paper—I'd never be able to sew them); reading; and listening to the radio.

Muriel Minton

BETTY JANE ENJOYS JANEY

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN: *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is by far the best magazine I have ever read. For two years I have been reading its stories, jokes, articles, and special features, and I certainly think it's swell.

I am fourteen years old and am a sophomore at Shorewood High School. We are all proud of our school because, several months ago, it was rated second in this year's choice of the best ten high schools in the United States, by the National Board of Education. The first was a very wonderful school in New York City.

The stories I like best are about Bobo Witherspoon and Yes-We-Can Janey. The reason I like the Janey stories especially is because I also have red hair and I wear glasses. Janey and I seem to have much in common, so the stories seem very closely related to me.

So far as my hobbies go, I am one of those pesky autograph hounds. I have only about fifteen autographs now, but I hope to add many more. I am taking horseback riding lessons and I like them very much.

Betty Jane Thwaite

JANEY'S GLASSES DO SHOW, JOYCE

NEW YORK, N. Y.: I do not know whether you would ever publish a letter from a girl who is not yet a Girl Scout—but I have read *THE AMERICAN GIRL* regularly for three years and love every word of it; and then it has been arranged with Mummy and Daddy that I shall become a Girl Scout after the first of the year.

One of the reasons I did not become a Girl Scout before is that I am not much good at outdoor games, because I am very near-sighted and have had to wear thick spectacles ever since I was five years old. I am fourteen now.

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed *Janey Rounds a Corner*, by Nancy Titus, in the October number. It is so seldom that

girls who have to wear glasses are the heroines of stories. We are rather used to being pushed aside, and girls in stories are mostly pretty. Of course, in the illustration Janey's spectacles do not show up at all; that is not really right, because whatever frames you use the glasses are always conspicuous, especially when they are strong. For parties I am allowed rimless ones, but still they are very noticeable. I do so hope you will have more stories about girls with spectacles, with illustrations not hiding anything. In my class at school, we are seven with steel-rimmed glasses "for always," and we all feel like I have written you here.

Joyce Hunter

JOAN'S PET

UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY: I have received about five copies of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and enjoyed them all greatly. My favorite characters are Bushy and Lofty, but I also like the articles about the National Parks, because we are learning about them in school.

I am eleven years old and am in 6-B. My favorite subject is history. I love to read, and enjoy skating, skiing, and sledding.

I am interested in dress designing and journalism. There are quite a few Girl Scout troops here. I have just finished a Brownie year and expect to join the Scouts this week.

I have a pet dog, Lucky. He is small but not so young. I love him, too. He is sometimes very funny.

Joan A. Bacchini

LORENE'S PETS

BURLINGAME, CALIFORNIA: I received my first subscription to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for selling the most Christmas cards in my troop. That was about two or three years ago, and I haven't missed a month since. There are no words to express how much I like the magazine. I like the new serial *Sky Rabbits Unlimited* especially. Another thing, I have all my back issues and I love to look back and read them over again.

I am twelve years old and I go to Hoover School. I'm in the seventh grade and I like school very much. I have gone to the Girl Scout camp for two years now, and I plan to go next year.

I have an alley cat for my pet, and a sister. She's nine years old. Sometimes she's a pest, but I like her. I live in Burlingame, California, where it's supposed to be sunny—but sometimes I wonder.

Lorene Livingstone

Do you want to be a Girl Scout? If so write to Girl Scouts Inc., attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York City

LOFTY, SOUND DEFECTS MAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

"Gop choc'late 'clair in mouf," gulped Bushy. "Let 'em fink Lofly, anyway."

"Nonsense," cried Margie. "Let them think nothing of the kind! Swallow that thing quick, and come along."

Lofty, who was standing diffidently in the shadows, gave her a poke. "Margie's right," he agreed huskily. "Go on! Go ahead, Bushy! You deserve a hand at this point."

Jim and Dot were pushing her, too. Bushy, with a last hasty gulp, found herself in the glare of the footlights, with all those surprised faces turned on her, all those hands suspended in incomplete applause. She suddenly realized that she had on her oldest sweater, and that she had stuck her head into a cobweb. But then, so had Dot Larcom.

Margie, looking perfectly lovely, held up a hand for silence. "Ladies and gentlemen," she said, "early in the play a most unfortunate accident happened, so that we were unable to use any of the sound effect records planned for the performance. I am very proud to announce that all the extraordinary effects you heard were done, entirely impromptu, by Miss Beatrice Ryder."

"Amazing," murmured the elders, hastily

putting on glasses to consult their programs.

"Don't believe it!" yelled a few doubting, lower-school voices.

"Perhaps you'd better prove it, Bushy," Margie suggested.

"Full of chocolate eclair," whispered Bushy.

"Do your stuff!" shrieked the intolerable small fry.

Bushy hastily licked a morsel of chocolate off the corner of her mouth, and then and there treated them to one each of the train-whistle, the howling wind, and the horrid cat. Her eyes were closed, her expression exalted. When she opened her eyes, the silence had exploded into thunderous applause, and Margie had laid in her arms the sheaf of American Beauty roses.

"Your name in lights, and a star on your dressing-room door," grinned Jim, receiving her tottering form as she staggered into the wings.

"Here," said Bushy, pushing the flowers back at Marjorie, "I wouldn't know what to do with these. You haven't got anything more to eat, have you?"

"We'll attend to that in about half an

hour, when we get mopped up around here," Jim promised. "Everybody meet at the Golden Ice Cream Shop. My party."

Lofty was still pensive as they all turned out into the starry night. "Just wait till I sleuth down Dick Howard," he muttered to Bushy. "D'you know what he did? Printed me in the program as Sound Defects Man. Why, it unnerved me completely—queered the whole thing."

His faint attempt at self-justification petered away like a run-down phonograph. "Sound Defects," he mumbled. "Well, that was me all over. I guess—I guess you saved the show, Bushy. Nobody but you could possibly have produced those hideous caterwaulings, anyway."

With this somewhat veiled praise, he gave his sister a thump on the back, the heartiness of which betrayed his real admiration. But Bushy's thoughts were elsewhere.

"I shall have," she breathed rapturously, "a banana split with nut-butterscotch-fudge-marshmallow sauce and a gob of whipped cream on top."

"For once," said Lofty soberly, "I approve."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

AT HER COUNTRY'S SERVICE

parents' permission. Senior Service Scouts are organized for service—maybe for emergency service. Your parents must be willing to have you serve under emergency conditions if you are called on.

Second, you should be healthy—be sure of it by having a physical examination. There's not much point in volunteering to carry messages, if you've just had your appendix out and aren't allowed to walk fast or run.

Third, you should be a Junior Red Cross First Aider. You're supposed to be prepared for emergencies—emergencies generally bring excitement and in the excitement somebody is likely to get hurt. That calls for you—a first aider who knows how to treat people for shock, or bleeding, or burns, and where the nearest doctor lives, and how to get there quickly.

Fourth, you should know a lot of things that go under the heading of general usefulness.

You should know your own town and how to get from one part of it to another in daylight or darkness.

You ought to brush up on your outdoor cooking and take some overnight hikes; try pitching camp instead of sleeping in the Scout cabin—it's good practice in living without conveniences. And watch out for fire hazards at camp, or at home. Better learn a thing or two about fire-fighting equipment and how to use it.

Get your father to show you how to put up that kitchen shelf your mother has been wanting. It never hurts to be handy with a saw and a hammer, as well as with a needle and scissors. You may not think that emergencies will demand such simple stay-at-home skills, but those are just the kind of skills that emergencies do demand—and that most of us take for granted until it's too late.

Don't put a penny in the fuse box next time the fuse burns out. Get the man from the electric company to show you how to put in a new fuse. And find out how to fix your own flash light when it needs fixing.

If you had to get to the other side of town in a hurry, and no buses or street cars were

running, how would you do it? Can you ride a bicycle or roller skate well enough? Can you drive a car, or sail a boat, or use some other way of getting about that is common in your neighborhood?

Emergencies usually mean that ordinary means of communication aren't working. The Morse Code is the international way of sending messages. Do you know it? Better start practicing with your flash light on those overnights you're going to take. Try flashing messages from house to house these long winter evenings.

Could you milk a cow if you had to? That's no joke. Emergencies often mean taking care of animals whose regular owners have been separated from them. Cows need to be milked regularly and some day you might be elected.

Can you plant a garden and make vegetables grow? Flowers are nice, too, but we may be needing to conserve food soon, and that's when your own vegetable patch comes in handy.

Can you swim, and do you know how to help those who can't? How about some swimming parties at the "Y" this winter? Did you ever think that your Australian crawl might be needed in national defense?

What would you do about a blowout—the kind that tires have—if you couldn't find a garage and had to get where you were going? Get out there with a jack and a lug wrench and see what you can do.

Have you noticed one thing that most of these activities have in common? Almost all of them are things you ought to be able to do anyway—many of them are things you've always promised yourself you'd do, but haven't gotten around to. Yet every single one of them is a valuable preparation for national defense. Every one of them represents the kind of thing that Girl Scouts and Girl Guides who are facing life and death emergencies have found useful.

After you've met the requirements (which are stated more formally and in detail in the pamphlet, "Senior Service Scouts and the

Defense Program") you can go on to one of the special projects: child care; food; transportation and communication; shelter, clothing, and recreation.

Senior Girl Scouts in New York City last summer took a sixteen-hour course in nutrition, and in the fall the course was repeated for leaders who are now passing it on to other Seniors. The course was set up and conducted in cooperation with the New York City Health Department. Maybe the health department of your town has such a course, or would work with you and your leader in setting up one.

Scouts in Tarrytown, New York, gathered up the windfall apples that farmers couldn't sell, and canned them for orphanages. This was a very sound defense project—for waste is one thing we must all fight in time of emergency. Is there anything you and your friends can do to save, can, and pass on to others a crop that can't be marketed?

If you're interested in transportation and communication, you can get a folder called "Senior Girl Scout Mobilists" from Girl Scout National Headquarters. The folder is packed full of suggestions for girls who want to learn more about bikes, autos, or planes.

The Senior Service Scout pamphlet will tell you about things to do in all four projects, so that you can talk them over and decide which one will be your specialty.

Does all this seem like a lot for one girl to know and do? Well, of course, it is. The pamphlet was prepared because girls have been telling us that they want to do a lot. When the world needs them, Girl Scouts aren't going to be satisfied with easy half-jobs.

If a child was hurt and needed you, you'd be proud to think you'd taken the trouble to be really prepared to help. Millions of men, women, and children all over America, and all over the world, need you to-day—they need you to help make democracy strong enough to take care of them. As you practice your Morse code and struggle with stubborn tire rims, you can be proud. Your country needs you—and you're doing your share.

THE LEGEND OF PRESTER JOHN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Columbus was not the only one who believed that Prester John or his descendants still lived in the East. Columbus had been at the Court of the King of Portugal when that king had sent messengers overland with orders to slip past the Mohammedan traders and enter Asia. These messengers were sent for the single purpose of finding Prester John. For the King of Portugal had made up his mind that, by one way or another, he would find this Prester and obtain for Portugal the wealth of the East. So, at the same time his messengers set forth overland, he sent ships down the coast of Africa—which no one then knew much about because of the fear that, if one sailed beyond a certain cape, one's skin would turn from white to black. Beyond that cape, men said, the sun lay like a sword, the sea boiled, and the air was hot as flame.

So you can well imagine the excitement when the ships seeking the Prester finally returned to Portugal with the sailors still boasting white skins, and with astounding news. "We went beyond the place where the air was like flame, and we rounded the great land mass of Africa and started creeping north on the other side."

The jubilant King of Portugal named the cape on the tip of Africa the Cape of Good Hope, for now he had "good hope" of finding what he sought.

But the discovery of that cape spelled the end of Columbus's good hopes. Before that, he had hoped to persuade the king to give him money so he might search for the Prester and the Grand Khan by another route. Now the king was no longer interested. Instead he prepared for another voyage around Africa.

So Columbus journeyed to Spain to ask the king and queen there to aid him. And finally, as you know, he was ready to set forth, with crosses on the sails of his ship like those the Crusaders had worn.

He took with him interpreters who spoke Arabic, Babylonian, and Hebrew. Through these men he hoped to talk with the people of the East. And he took a letter from the King and Queen of Spain to be given to the Grand Khan, or the Prester. If he did not find these rulers, however, he was told he might give the letter to whatever Eastern king he did find.

The King of Portugal learned of the voyage and he knew well enough what Columbus was trying to do. He smiled to himself and thought that surely his boats would round the Cape of Good Hope and find the Prester first.

The story has been told often enough how, after months of sailing, Columbus finally saw the flashing of a light in the darkness and cried, "Shorten the sail and lay by for the dawn!" With that dawn, he fully expected to see the golden-roofed palaces of Cipango, or the dazzling whiteness reflected from the marble walls of Quinsay.

And, of course, he was disappointed, again and again and again. So that at length he must set sail and hurry back to Spain, having seen nothing more remarkable than mermaids, which the relentless historians now declare really must have been manatees or sea cows. He had heard of an island peopled entirely by women, and of another where human flesh was eaten.

It was really not in the least strange, therefore, that from his report it was thought both

golden Cathay and the Islands of Spice were all but within Columbus's reach. So the Pope sent word that the lands which Spain had already discovered, or should discover, were to belong to her, unless these were already under the rule of a Christian Prince. Perhaps he was thinking that, any day, the ships of Portugal might return and report having found lands by sailing around Africa, and of the possibility that the kingdom of Prester John might be discovered. And, of course, one Christian king should not take land from another Christian king.

It was on his second voyage that Columbus believed he was finding definite traces of the Prester. After passing through a sea as white as milk, he came to a land and the ship anchored, while men were sent on shore for wood and water. The last man returned with the report that he had come upon tailed men in long, loose dresses of white, armed with clubs and lances, and Columbus thought they were the tailed men of Lambri of whom Polo had spoken—though now we think the men saw only some cranes standing on one foot, with the lifted one seeming to resemble "a club or lance." Hard upon this came the report of finding the footprints of griffins in the sand.

Farther along, a native with gestures and

It's important to be a bona fide Girl Scout when the President of the United States has emphasized Girl Scouting as part of the program for National Defense.

Be sure that your membership dues are paid, and that your name is recorded at National Headquarters. Address Girl Scouts Inc., 155 East 44th Street, New York, New York.

strange words reported information which Columbus thought went something like this:

"In the mountains over the horizon lives a king. He dwells in great state and reigns over many provinces. He is revered as a saint and wears a long white garment which trails on the ground. No words ever come from his lips, but he governs through signs that are always obeyed."

Columbus was certain this king was Prester John himself, who always dressed in white. He remembered the Prester had said there was a dangerous sea in his dominions over which he and his people journeyed by means of their griffins—and had not Columbus recently sailed through a sea as white as milk, and had not some of his company looked upon tracks of the griffins?

"Sail toward the mountains on the horizon," he ordered, and as the sailors obeyed, he noted many curious things which added to his belief that he was at last in the land of the Prester. One day the sea was almost covered with turtles, and on another vast numbers of cormorants and wood pigeons darkened the sun with their flying. And as the boats approached closer to the mountains, the whole air was filled with clouds of gaudy butterflies.

Columbus studied Ptolemy's ancient map and decided he was sailing around the tip of Asia, and that just beyond must lie the Land of Silver. Beyond this, he was certain, lay the

Red Sea. Somehow he would manage to slip overland to the Mediterranean and reach Spain quickly, while his boats sailed safely home around Africa. Then, indeed, would the King of Portugal be confounded.

But while Columbus dreamed his dreams, his ships were becoming worm-eaten and leaky, their sails fell into shreds, and their cables were no longer to be depended on. Food was spoiled and scanty. It was no wonder that the crews were ready to mutiny.

So Columbus, certain he was near the mighty Prester himself, yet unable to find a harbor so as to send messengers to him, yielded to his men's demands. He drew up a paper and all signed it. The paper said that everyone believed they had reached the Eastern continent, and if they had been able to go further, they would most certainly have sailed around Africa to Spain.

Thus, on the second voyage as on the first, Columbus was compelled by circumstances to turn back. And to the first island they passed, Columbus gave the name *Evangelista* (the Evangel), perhaps thinking of the old story about the Prester being in reality John the Evangel, who had gone to the Indies.

And in passing some land jutting out from the south side of Cuba, Columbus christened it the Cape of Good Hope, even as the King of Portugal had so christened the southern tip of Africa. For like that king, Columbus had "good hope" now that the way was opened to the Prester and the wealth of the Orient. Then Columbus turned to the Bible. He read of King Solomon's temple, and wondered whether some ancient pits in Cuba might not have been the source of gold for the temple. He managed to get some samples of this gold, and with these in two rotting ships, the most seaworthy ones he had left, manned by starving sailors, he returned to Spain.

But this time he was not welcomed as before. Where were the golden cities, the great rulers of the East, the jewels, the spices, the silks? What did a few samples of gold amount to? As they had done with Marco Polo, the people now laughed and jeered at Columbus.

A third time he tried and reached the continent of South America, and here he thought he had discovered the river which flowed through Paradise, but all he found for jewels were a few pearls which he gathered from the shore.

This time he was sent back in chains to Spain from the Cuba he had discovered—a conspirator, it was said, against the king and queen he had served so long. Mockingly he was called the "Admiral of Mosquito Land."

At last Columbus realized he would never be able to carry his dream of rescuing Jerusalem through to completion. Every navigator in Spain was making ready to sail and make discoveries. Then, to the Admiral of the Ocean Sea who had already borne so much, came the most bitter news of all. This was the report that a Portuguese captain, carrying, as Columbus had done on that first voyage, a letter to Prester John, had finally reached the Indies by sailing around Africa.

The Portuguese captain had "heard" of the Prester, but had not met him, and so had not delivered his letter. But his boat had returned richly laden with spices, jewels, silk and damask, bronze, ivory, and silver.

And upon the heels of this another report raced through Spain:

(Continued on page 48)

LAUGH AND GROW SCOUT

Preparedness

A student failed in his examinations at the university. He telegraphed his brother, "Flunked Out. Prepare Papa."

The brother telegraphed back, "Papa prepared. Prepare yourself."—Sent by BARBARA BROCKMAN, Schleswig, Iowa.

Correct

TEACHER: If your mother is shopping and finds she has left her purse at home, she may ask the clerk to send the parcel C. O. D. What do these letters mean?

BRIGHT BOY: Call on Daddy.—Sent by CAROL ADAMS, Thom- asville, Alabama.

Good Buy

SALESMAN: This is the type of car that pays for itself, sir.

CUSTOMER: Fine! As soon as it has done that, you may deliver it to me.—Sent anonymously, Winfield, Kansas.

Decidedly

JUNIOR: What is a rare volume?

DAD: It's a book that comes back after you have loaned it.—Sent by MARTHA BOYD, Youngstown, Ohio.



Superior Knowledge

MAISIE: What's an operetta?

DAISIE: Silly, it's a girl who works for the telephone company.—Sent by BERNICE ZOLAD, Chicago, Illinois.

The Prize-Winning Joke



It Could

MAN IN RESTAURANT: Waiter, please bring me some coffee without cream.

WAITER (a few minutes later): Sorry, sir, we have no cream. Could it be without milk?—Sent by MARGARET ANN RHODES, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

School

Little Tom had spent his first day in school. His mother was anxious to know how he had got on. "What did you learn, dear?" she asked.

"Didn't learn anything," came the reply.

"Well, then, what did you do?"

"Didn't do anything. A woman wanted to know how to spell 'dog' and I told her. That's all."

—Sent by MARIE PITCOCK, Pueblo, Colorado.

Riddle

HE: Why is a naughty boy who runs away from school like a postage stamp?

SHE (after a moment of thought): I don't know.

HE: Because both need a licking to make them stick to their letters.—Sent by MILDRED ARENT, Benton Harbor, Michigan.



Couldn't Be Otherwise

A fat lady stepped on the scales, not knowing they were out of order, and put in a penny. The scales went up to fifty-seven pounds and stopped. A newsboy, standing by, noticed the indicator. "Good night," he cried, "she's hollow!"—Sent by BUNNY BOYCE, Manhasset, New York.

English

TEACHER: Billy, you must not say, "He ain't going." You must say "He isn't going, she isn't going, they aren't going, and we aren't going."

BILLY: Gee, teacher, ain't nobody going?—Sent by MARY LOU BLOZINSKI, Grand Rapids, Michigan.



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THE LEGEND OF PRESTER JOHN

"Have you not heard? A Venetian, calling himself John Cabot and sailing from Bristol in England, has returned there from a journey over the sea. He says he reached the country of the Grand Khan himself. He is going again, this time to Cipango. That is where all the riches of the East are to be found. Already he has discovered the Island of Brazil and that of the Seven Cities. Columbus has accomplished nothing to compare with this."

Small wonder that when Columbus saw the queen, he fell weeping at her feet!

Yet for a fourth time the court of Spain sent him West, to find riches. Gold, gold—that was what Spain demanded. The rescue of Jerusalem? They were no longer interested in that.

This time Columbus touched Central America, and as usual he found a projecting piece of land, a cape, which must surely, *surely*, he decided, lead him around the tip of Asia. *Gracias á Dios* (Thanks to God), he named the cape.

Yet again his ships became unseaworthy;

and this time he waited too long before turning back. Shipwreck destroyed the almost useless hulks, and Columbus underwent much suffering as a castaway before he was finally rescued.

Baffled and worn, Columbus returned to Spain. Four times he had thought he was within reach of Cathay, four times he had failed. He had given his strength, his uttermost, and he had not succeeded. Spain had no further use for a failure, and his best friend, the queen, was dead. Columbus became little more than a beggar.

Discarded, worn out, sick at heart, he died, the greatest dreamer and one of the bravest men this world has ever known.

LEGENDS of Atlantis, of Saint Brendan, of Prince Madoc, and other ancient tales had sent men farther and farther across the sea. But the legend of Prester John and the story of the Grand Khan had provided the final impetus.

In Europe the lure of the Prester was slowly fading, though for more than a cen-

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

tury to come men from Portugal sought him by way of Africa; voyagers after voyagers to the westward still expected to find Cathay. It took a long time for men to realize that in the West lay land hitherto unknown.

Then whispers of golden men and golden cities and strange wonders were to play a part in urging adventurers on to explore the new land. Back of all exploration, the hope lingered that, somehow, some day, a way would be found leading through to the Eastern lands—to Cathay.

Columbus, who was both dreamer and man of action, had discovered the greater part of the West Indies, had stepped foot upon the southern continent, as well as upon the isthmus which binds that continent with another equally as large—our own North America. And golden treasure, almost beyond the counting, was to be found in the southern continent and the isthmus.

Legends had urged men across the sea, legends would draw men across both continents—legends were making American history.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

a royal princess from some foreign land?"

Suddenly, in the spring of 1936, word was brought to the school lad that his father had passed away, that he himself was King of Egypt. He must drop his books, don a black mourning coat and top hat, and hurry home to be crowned.

The young king's sisters, Fawzia and Faiza, Faika and Fathiya, took important parts in the coronation ceremonies within the *baremlik*, the women's apartments. They had been named by their father, King Fuad, who had determined that all his children's names, like his own, should begin with an F. Their friend, Pure Rose, came to Cairo to help celebrate, too. With shy eyes she looked at her old playmate sitting gravely on the great throne of Egypt. A boy with whom one slides down the Alps and a king must seem a long way apart!

Farouk was the first king to be crowned in a free and independent Egypt in more than two thousand years—since the conquest by Persia in 525 B.C. It was only a few short years since his father had been proclaimed King of Egypt under a parliamentary constitution. Now, at sixteen, the young Shah was master over an immense fortune, over seven palaces, over sixteen millions of souls—yes, even over his elders in the government. For soon he made his strong will felt in a change of ministers.

No doubt Pure Rose wondered in secret about the foreign princess who must soon come to wed her old playmate. At garden fêtes she avoided him, perhaps, and ran off with Fawzia, but the young king pursued her. He even insisted that she go driving with him in his roadster. And the day came when he said to her, "Now I will change your name; it must begin with an F, too, in deference to my father. You shall be called Farida—meaning in Arabic Peerless, Unique, Rarest One—for you shall be Queen of Egypt."

He gave her the diamond engagement ring which his father had given to his mother—and Queen Nazli was as delighted as the four princess sisters, as the happy Zulficar family, as the old grandfather who had been twice Premier, as all Egypt. And Farida was

WE PHOTOGRAPHED A ROYAL WEDDING

immediately caught up into a whirl of brilliant social events—the tale of them reads like another page from the *Arabian Nights* which, as you know, was said to have been written there in Cairo.

Everyone began preparing for the wedding, even people in other lands, for of course the rulers and chief dignitaries of many lands were invited to attend the wedding. Across the sea, in Paris, dozens of girls worked day and night to fashion Farida's gowns, forty-five of them, including many coats and ensembles. According to ancient Moslem custom, the bride's trousseau was the gift of the groom, and the styles were personally chosen by him. Fancy his planning her sports' costumes, her dinner gowns, her state robes embroidered in precious stones!

In Cairo, the whole city was preparing feverishly. Day by day it was being transformed into a city of light. How Edison would have delighted in it! How astonished Tutankhamen would have been to behold it! For high above the principal intersections were hung huge crowns whose colored gems were electric-light bulbs. Festoons of lights united the crowns to corners of the streets. Every public building, the bridges across the Nile, the houseboats moored along the embankments, dozens of private homes were hung with lights—red, green, orange, blue—in designs, in geometric patterns, in ingenious devices.

From dawn to midnight Cairo worked; makers of fireworks prepared displays to turn the Nile into a revel of fire fairies; bakers baked stacks of little round loaves which they set out in the dust before their doors; vendors of sweets, cake makers, trinket sellers, sellers of the new coins, the new stamps, all began calling their wares through the streets at the top of their voices.

The streets themselves were thronged with eager sightseers, foreigners of all nations and peasants—*fellahin*—from all over Egypt. The Egyptian peasants crowded trains and trams; they bestrode donkeys and rode in carts; they came leading camels on which swayed a whole family, or green fodder for the beast, enough for a week's stay. The peasant women wore

black veils, their shining black eyes peering out at the wonders to be seen. The children squinted, half blind, and pushed tangled hair from sore eyes as they whined for *baksheesh*. They slept in doorways, gardens; they ate the lush clover they had brought for the beasts, or snatched at the largest loaf in the pile as they paid their penny. Everyone jostled and gaped and ate and laughed. It was not every day that Egypt could celebrate the marriage of a king and set a girl bride upon its throne!

Perhaps the Egyptian peasants felt that Farouk belonged especially to them. Many had seen him when, at fifteen, he made a tour of the ancient temples and pyramids. Along the Nile, all the way to Aswan, wherever the royal *dahabeah* touched the shore, the peasants had thronged to catch sight of their prince. Now they put their whole faith in him to right their wrongs, to lower the too heavy tax burden.

So for the young king's wedding the peasants came up from the south and down from the north, in from the east and the west. And meanwhile, out on the desert, the Bedouin tribesmen were gathering, looking to the girths of their Arab steeds, mounting and riding. The camels were coming, the white camel corps; they and the Bedouins, those swarthy, proud sons of the sand whom Farouk's great-great-grandfather had humbled—and who ever since had paid tribute to Egypt—were bringing their wedding gifts to the bride and groom. Across the sands of Sinai they came riding into the city streets. Riding? Dashing would be a better word—with skirts flying, manes flying, shooting off guns in the air. The fellahin, the peasants, ran scattering like chaff out of their way, and then they crowded the trams out to the race track at Heliopolis to see the Bedouins perform.

That was one of the gayest shows of the pre-wedding days. For what rodeo of our West could compete with the feats of those wild desert tribesmen? Singly and in pairs, they rode the lists like the knights of the Middle Ages, pennons flying, head scarfs streaming, thoroughbreds snorting, hoofs thundering. Then a touch on rein or flank,

and an instant's pause as the horses reared, pirouetted, whirled, or danced to the music of flute and drum.

Not in the royal box at the race track, however, but safe from curious eyes at his palace, the king received his fierce-eyed vassals and accepted their gift of a golden coffer.

Ambassadors came from other lands bearing gifts—and one day it was announced that Farida herself might go out to view the gifts. A bewildering array it must have seemed to her, fantastic, lavish, filling rooms of the Koubbeh palace—golden cups and trays inlaid with diamonds, lace once worn by the Empress Eugénie when she came to open the Suez Canal, boxes of guns from the King of England, guns from the King of Belgium, and a shining sports roadster, the gift of Herr Hitler. Often after their engagement the king had driven her alone, once all the way home from Cairo to Alexandria. Perhaps it crossed Farida's mind that they might motor in this modern chariot out to Inchuss, one of the seven palaces, where they were to spend their honeymoon.

I myself visited Inchuss, on one of those long, golden days before the wedding. Some thirty miles from the city, the unpretentious country house is set down in the sand, in the heart of an orange grove. The gardens are smaller than at Koubbeh and it has no lake, but it borders the canal, the ancient one dug between the Nile and the Red Sea by Ussertsen, or Seosostiris I, about two thousand, B.C.

Between picture-takings we rode in a little horse-drawn car on its narrow-gauge tracks for miles and miles through the orange groves. We wandered out through the cactus gardens to the royal dahabeah, the houseboat moored in the canal. It may well be that in these troubled days of war, with bombs falling over Alexandria, the Queen takes shelter there at Inchuss with her two little daughters. But during those breathless days of her marriage fête the distant clouds of war were forgotten. Who could think of dread events to come in the midst of so much beauty and the promise of joy to be?

At last came the wedding day, January twentieth, 1938. And at last I expected to see Farouk and Farida riding together in the procession, bowing to right and left through wildly cheering throngs. But alas, though both young people would have been glad enough, perhaps, to give their people such a happy show, they were not permitted to do so. Religion stepped in and placed a firm and ancient hand on the young shoulders of groom and bride. The chief Moslem dignitary, the pope of Moslem Egypt, Sheik Maraghi, decreed that the bride must remain unseen, at least to the thousands milling the city streets.

Imagine their disappointment! Imagine mine—though I was consoled when my husband invited me to become his assistant in filming the wedding at Koubbeh palace. But next I learned that I could most certainly not see the wedding, nor could my husband, either; and that even the bride herself would not be present. Not be present at her own

wedding! But that was the Moslem custom.

Out at her Heliopolis home, Farida must have grown strangely still on that wedding morning. For in a room of the king's house at Koubbeh, in the presence of some nine princes and officials of the realm, her father and her king were clasping hands, pressing together their two thumbs. One gave her away; the other accepted the gift for life.

The bridegroom pronounced solemnly the ancient formula, "I will take her under my care and bind myself to afford her protection." Sheik Maraghi said an ancient prayer, the ritual for rich and poor, peasant and king. The two men signed their names to a parchment scroll, and the wedding ceremony was ended.

The people knew when the ceremony was concluded because the guns of Cairo boomed out the glad tidings, one hundred and one times. The fellahin shouted and sang. The Arabs dashed about the streets amid the crackle of gunfire. The pipers, mounted on stately white camels, shrilled out their eerie music, the same tune over and over again. The flower parade got under way—floats, camels, horsemen, limousines—all the heady paradoxes of the Levant, of East meeting West.

We sped out to the palace with wailing siren and big, red, important press notices pasted to our windshield. Past the guards at the outer gates, up the mile-long road through orange groves, past the guard at the inner gate, beneath an Italian archway, and so into the palace grounds. Here newsmen from every corner of the world gathered before the long flight of stairs leading up to the palace doorway, for the venerable Sheik had granted them a great privilege. It was here that the bride would meet her bridegroom; here she would come home as queen.

It had been officially decreed that all newsmen must wear black. Some had to appear in borrowed suits, sizes too small, or too large; some wore evening clothes; all hurried about, setting up tripods, fussing over cameras, their heads disappearing under black cloths, jockeying for better places. All were eyed by watchful native guards, stiff with new red braid, faces flushed beneath their bright red fezzes.

The camera men nervously consulted their watches as the sun dipped lower. Everyone held up his light finder, tinkering again and again with speeds, changing the aperture in feverish apprehension lest the precious light fade before the great moment should arrive. My poor husband was more jittery than any. A sensitive film might manage a good print with little light, but his color film demanded sunshine.

At last the young Shah appeared, resplendent in his uniform of field marshal, belted and sashed, slowly descending the red-carpeted stairs. Bulbs flashed, cameras clicked. The Shah moistened his lips and stood waiting, listening for the sound of the motor which would bring his bride. His face, too, was flushed under his scarlet *tarboosh*, the unifying outer mark of all male Moslems,

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rich and poor, peasant and king. Behind him waited four little girl pages.

The photographers glanced tensely from cameras to sun. A world waiting for these pictures—and where was the bride?

Suddenly she was there. A red limousine slid to the foot of the steps, the king descended to welcome his queen. The small army of cameras clicked and turned. As Farida stood there in the glow of late sunshine, crowned with her diamond tiara, Farouk must have been singing in his heart the ancient Moslem greeting:

*"Enter in grace, O Light,
"O rose of the garden,
"O cluster of clover flower,
"O bride!
"She comes toward me, shining,
"Crowned with diamonds . . ."*

Farida greeted her husband with a smile, while attendants arranged her twenty-four foot train, carried by the four little girl pages who had waited so patiently for this proud moment. So on the king's arm, she slowly mounted the steps. At the parapet landing, part way up, the royal couple turned and faced the group of camera men, huddled over their black boxes, squinting into finders. For a fleeting moment, a queen of sixteen stood beside her king of eighteen for the eyes of the world to see.

She was slender and taller than I had thought, but still petite, with luminous brown eyes. Her gown of silver lace, flown by plane from Worth in Paris, was decorated, as was the Shah's uniform, with the long ribbon of royalty worn over the right shoulder. Her veil of sheerest gossamer fell from her crown. She carried a fan of white ostrich feathers, the gift of her school friends, its handle pricked in diamonds with her initials. Around throat and wrist she wore the king's gift, three strands of diamonds.

The royal pair turned then and mounting together the remaining steps, they disappeared into the palace. According to Moslem tradition, Farida would be greeted by the family of Farouk, the four princesses who were her dearest friends, and the queen mother Nazli. And then there would be a little time alone, when the bridegroom might lift the veil of the bride and kiss her for the first time, according to the ancient custom.

After that, they belonged not to themselves but to the nation, and first of all to their invited guests, the fifteen hundred persons who thronged the lighted gardens beside the lake. They, too, had been impatiently waiting, and now at last the bride and groom might make their "progress" among them to the strains of *Lobengrin*. Later, in a silken tent, the bride herself would cut the twelve-foot wedding cake.

Meanwhile, out through the gates ran the throng of black-coated photographers, lugging their cameras under their arms or over their shoulders, rushing away to send off the precious film or prints—by air mail, by fast boats, or by dots and dashes to the waiting presses and news theaters of the world. Some of them had not seen the bride and groom except through the small eye of their cameras; to some it was a bothersome assignment of red tape and censors. But my husband shared my enthusiasm. He felt as eager as I to see the king and queen again.

To see the queen again was, of course, unlikely, but on the second day after the wedding, the king was to review the youth groups at Abdine palace. If I would like to join the men once more, my husband suggested, I might catch another glimpse of His Majesty. So in we drove through the city palace gates, to stand under the plane trees beside the open square. And then came a breathless reward. For after the king had reviewed the marching hosts of Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts for some time, standing there

on the open balcony, he went back into the palace and led out the queen.

So there she was, the chief Girl Scout of Egypt, as the King was the chief Boy Scout. For nearly an hour she stood, receiving the cheers of the Scouts as well as the noisy acclaim of thousands of subjects blacking balconies and roof tops of the old houses lining the square. No one had expected her to appear like this, all unheralded. But perhaps they were irresistible to her, those marching Girl Scouts, those young athletes massed before the palace. It was so short a time ago that she, too, had been a carefree girl, playing tennis with her king.

Over the silver lamé gown with its long court train, in which she had received the wives of officials and diplomats that morning, she had thrown a light fur coat. As a concession to religion, and because this first public appearance with her husband was so daring and modern, she kept a gauzy white veil about her throat and chin.

It seemed to me that Farida, now that she had assumed with her husband the responsibilities of government in an approaching world crisis, wished to make the girls and boys who paraded before the palace know without words how she counted on them, the youth of her land. They, like their young sovereigns, must soon face sacrifices, would soon be afforded opportunity for heroism.

Their ancient land had known so many conquerors—Nubian, Persian, Arabian, Turkish, Roman, French, Albanian, British—would it be able now to preserve its freedom, or must it be enslaved once again? It is impossible now, four years later, to forecast the future of Egypt. But of this we may be assured—the world's youngest king and queen, strong in courage, in affection for their people, for each other, and for their two small daughters, will do everything humanly possible to guide the nation's destiny toward that freedom they so earnestly proclaim.

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES—LAUREN FORD

AKIND of Peter Pan among painters is Lauren Ford—an artist who has never outgrown her ability to be completely at home in the world of childhood. Born in New York City in 1891, the only child of wealthy and cultured parents, she has been exhibiting her pictures for thirteen years. Her father was Simeon Ford, owner of the Grand Union Hotel, famous wit and after-dinner speaker. That his daughter inherited her father's sense of fun is evident in the humor that sparkles from her canvases, but her artistic abilities were no doubt inherited from her mother, Julia Ellsworth Ford, who had thwarted artistic ambitions. It was she who put a pencil in the baby Lauren's hands and encouraged her aptitude for drawing. The small artist had a daily painting stint to do for Mother, much as our great grandmothers had to complete their daily quotas of patchwork.

As Lauren Ford grew older, she received excellent art training both at home and abroad, studying at the Art Student's League in New York and as a pupil of George Bridgman and Frank Vincent du Mond. At East Hampton in the summers, and Ormond Beach, Florida, in the winters, she began to paint children—though for a time she worked for a firm of mural decorators where, as she says, she painted flowers, held the other end of a plumb line, washed innumerable brushes, and incidentally received some good practical training.

For a time, the Ford family lived in Rye, New York, the scene of the delightful painting which is this month's frontispiece. Miss Ford, a very wealthy woman since the bulk of her father's large fortune came to her, did not have the pressing necessity of other artists to sell her paintings. As she is shy and modest, she was in

her thirties before it occurred to her that her work might have interest for others beside her family and friends. Conquering her diffidence, she presented two samples at the Ferargil Galleries, only to have her breath taken away by the enthusiasm with which they were received. An immediate showing was arranged and, before the exhibit was twenty-four hours old, every painting had been sold, and disappointed collectors were clamoring for more. Since then the Metropolitan and other museums have acquired her paintings.

Lauren Ford's first book, *Little Book about God*, published by Doubleday, Doran, was made for her namesake, Lauren Brown, daughter of her adopted daughter, Mrs. Paul Brown. Following the tradition of her grandparents, who moved to Connecticut in 1860, Miss Ford has settled with her adopted family on a farm in Bethlehem, Connecticut, where, except for occasional trips abroad, she spends most of her time. It was there she did the paintings for her book, *The Ageless Story*, the life of Christ in terms of modern New England, published in 1939. In these pictures Saint Anne has a patchwork quilt, the Wise Men come in a sleigh, and the background of the Nativity scene, in which Joseph wears a sheepskin coat, is the artist's own Connecticut barn.

Lauren Ford's pictures are small, sometimes miniature in size, but they abound in rich and fascinating detail. Her subjects are children and religious themes. Most of the children in her paintings are late-Victorian, in long white stockings, high black boots, and stiffly starched pinafores. In general her color is subdued, except for occasional flashes of red in a New England barn, or the lush green of the New England fields she loves so well.—M. C.

Who's Who in this Issue

Edith Ballinger Price, the author of "Lofty, Sound Defects Man," on page 14, is a favorite AMERICAN GIRL author, creator of Bobo Witherspoon of "Girl Shout Week" fame, and the writer of many books beloved by young people. She has long been affiliated with Girl Scouting, having helped to start the Brownie program for younger children in the United States.

Norma Bicknell Mansfield, whose story, "Control," appears on page 8, is also the author of two of your favorite serials, "Keeper of the Wolves" and "Make-Believe Dog," published in book form as "The Girl from Frozen Bend." Mrs. Mansfield lives in Seattle, Washington, has two active small boys, loves all things Western including mountains, horseback riding, and fishing. Her stories have also appeared in *McCall's*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and *Woman's Home Companion*.

Mary Avery Glen, who contributes another Dilsey story, "Giveaway," on page 19, lives in New Jersey and studied art under William Merritt Chase, and the late F. Luis Mora, whose work many readers will remember in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Writing is her hobby and the plots for many of the Phyl-and-Meg and Dilsey stories are drawn from happenings in her own youth.

Eloise Lownsbury is married to a photographer, Carl Clancy, as readers of "We Photographed a Royal Wedding" (page 5) have discovered, and lives in Alexandria, Virginia. Out of her experiences in Egypt and further research grew a recent book for girls, "A Camel for a Throne," which was reviewed in last July's AMERICAN GIRL.

Catherine Cate Coblentz is a familiar name to AMERICAN GIRL readers as the author of many popular stories about animal pioneers in American history. Her new series on famous legends that led to the discovery of America and influenced its history begins with the "Legend of Prester John," on page 11. Mrs. Coblentz is a Washingtonian; she found all of the interesting illustrative material for the legends herself in the Library of Congress.

Helen Grigsby Doss, who asks the question "Does Your Hair-Do Suit Your Face?" (page 16) was born in England of American parents, and now makes her home in Redlands, California, accessible to the Hollywood studios where she goes for interviews with your favorite stars. As a Girl Scout not so many years ago, she herself was a devoted reader of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

Anne New, in private life Mrs. John C. Timmerman and the mother of a baby daughter, is a national staff member of the Public Relations Division of Girl Scouts, Inc., and so has had a chance at first hand to observe the formation and growth of the Senior Service Scouts about whom she writes in "At Her Country's Service" (Page 22).

Eleanor Hull, author of "Sky Rabbits Unlimited" (page 23) and the Sara Hemingway stories, is the wife of the Reverend Angus C. Hull, Jr. of Boulder, Colorado, and the mother of a small son and daughter. She is the daughter of a well-known author of children's books, Florence Crannell Means.

S. Wendell Campbell, artist who designed our lovely January cover, is not a man in spite of her name! A Canadian by birth, Mrs. Campbell now lives in New York City, where her work has won wide recognition.



THE ENORMOUS PYRAMID OF THE SUN SITUATED ON THE HIGH MEXICAN PLATEAU OUTSIDE OF MEXICO CITY. LEFT: PERUVIAN INDIAN WOMAN



Courtesy of Grace Line

*Accent on the
Americas in the*

International Number of THE AMERICAN GIRL

Good neighbors, that's what we are, and good friends, too, with our sister Americas! *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is proud to devote its February issue in this year of war to the theme of hemisphere friendship. When your copy arrives, you'll recognize it at once from the vivid red, green, and black Aztec cover design by Ariel Baynes. ★ "Good Neighbors and Old Friends" by Carlos J. Videla will give you a better appreciation of the long and continuous friendship between our two continents, exemplified to-day by the solidarity of Latin America in its support of the United States in the present war. This is the first of two articles by Mr. Videla. ★ You'll want to join Janet on her visit to Mexico, as told by Mildred Adams in "Miss Good Neighbor in Person," and climb with her the soaring steepness of the Pyramid of the Sun. ★ Then you will want to read "The Legend of the Fair God" by Catherine Cate Coblentz which tells of the myth that led to the conquest of Mexico's proud Aztec people by Cortez. ★ You'll enjoy the experiences of Ann Gates at carnival time in Rio de Janeiro, and her adventure when she became separated from her friends in all the gaiety and excitement. "A Amizade Means Friendship" is the title Margaret Thomsen Raymond gives this story, for good reasons that you will discover. ★ Also in store for you are a Janey story by Nancy Titus; a true tale by Eloise Lownsbury about a girl's letter to George Washington; directions for converting a station wagon into a mobile canteen for use in war emergencies; and an account, with photographs, of the Juliette Low Memorial Encampment for the Western Hemisphere at Camp Bonnie Brae in Massachusetts last August.

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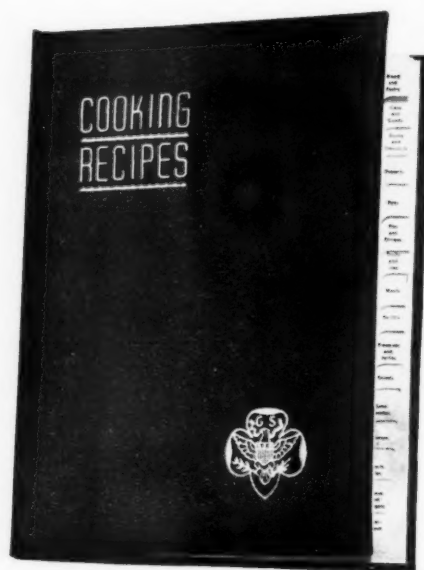
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